

Chatelaine

THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE
August 1950 - 15c.

BACKSTAGE WITH BARBARA ANN SCOTT

The Heartbreak of Drowned Homes

I KEPT A BLIND DATE WITH A TRAMP

Clyde
TRUSS



"Mum-m-y!"



A bruised knee . . . a cut finger . . .

a mother is always on call . . . in every family emergency.

But being nurse to her family is only one of her jobs.

She is also a homemaker who runs her house efficiently . . . a purchasing agent who gets every cent of value from her budget . . .

a companion sharing in the family's pleasures and problems . . . a mother

who teaches the children of today to be good citizens of tomorrow.



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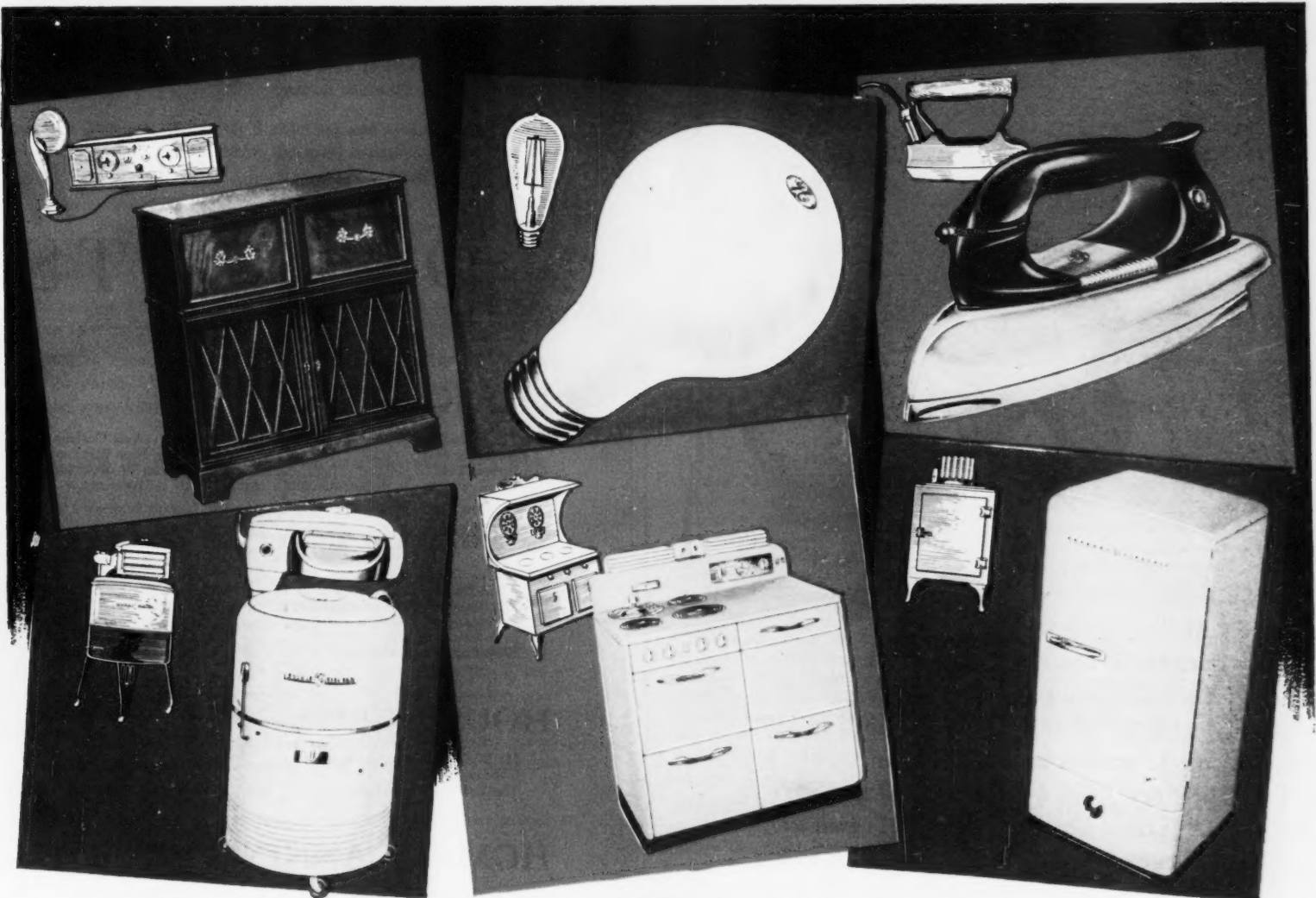
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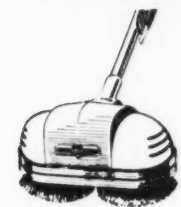
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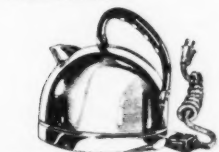


GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCTS

NEARLY SIXTY YEARS of accumulated "know-how" has taught us a lot about making G-E products do more, last longer and cost less. Today's lamps give you more and better light than those of even a few years ago. The G-E Range has cut cooking time and cooking costs. You save at least twenty minutes out of every ironing hour with the Featherweight Iron. The new "Spacemaker" Refrigerator stores more food but occupies no more space. It's no trick at all to keep floors gleaming with a G-E Polisher—you just guide, it does all the work. The new Washers give "quick-clean" washing every time. For "tops" in entertainment you can't beat a G-E radio. Your neighborhood G-E dealer will gladly demonstrate any of these products for you.



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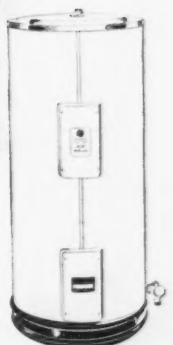
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BLANKET



UPRIGHT AND
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VACUUM
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STORAGE TANK
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**CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
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The No. 1 catch of the town, hers for a whole evening on their first big date. She dreams this is to be the beginning of a real romance. But how wrong can a girl be? What an awful awakening she's in for! Because, once he gets her back on her own doorstep, he'll never darken it again... and she won't know why.* It could happen to any girl... even to you if you're careless about one little matter.*

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LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC... IT'S

BREATH-TAKING!

MADE IN CANADA

Chatelaine

Vol. 23 No. 8
for AUGUST

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Recipe for ELASTICITY

WHEN I was a little girl I was as lusty a young puppy as you'd find anywhere. Yet, as is the way with all comediennesses, I dreamed of playing a role in life akin to the wan, delicate ladies of King Arthur's court. On occasion, then, I grabbed my embroidery frames, bought at the five and ten, and bent over them in dreamy concentration.

My mother, who knew of my Other Life, watched me during one of these seizures. Then she gave me a pattern for living.

"Look up, Esmerelda," she said. "Look far out, as far as you can, above the clouds. Try to see beyond the beyond. It's good exercise for your eyes—and you'll find you do your stitching much more easily."

That habit she taught me has lasted over the years. As I type, or read manuscripts, or iron, or wash dishes, I automatically look up every now and then, "beyond the beyond." The exercise has kept my eyes so strong that I have never needed glasses. But more than that—it has been a mighty useful exercise for my mind.

FOR CHANGE of outlook is all-important. Most of us will return to the detailed embroidery of our daily living, refreshed after holidays. The simple fact of change of outlook brings with it a wonderful sense of well-being; a feeling that one can cope with all the pesky problems buried in day-to-day living; a confidence that one can become a gentle and serene woman. The sad part of it is that the opportunity for getting this change of outlook is narrowed down to two weeks, for the great majority. In another two weeks the benefits have evaporated.

But they won't go if we master the art of keeping our minds elastic by a constant change of focus.

MANY WISE women have learned the art. One of my friends props a book of verse beside the ironing table. She has memorized an incredible amount of beauty. When she finds it hard to sleep, or when she feels her mind is too preoccupied with a nagging difficulty, she goes over her poetry gently and lovingly. It works.

A very wonderful woman I know of bore a child who is a helpless cripple. Her whole focus of interest was naturally bound up in service to the poor little creature. But she found she was going to pieces under the strain. Looking up from the details of her own tragedy—she turned her mind to the needs of all crippled children. Her work for them has been an inspiration to others—and to herself.

EVERY ONE of us needs more elasticity of the mind. We need it to overcome prejudices. To understand difficult people. To keep a balanced outlook on our times, our community, our family, and our relationship to all of them. Most women know that family life demands a complete dedication of self. But in this very dedication can lie some of life's greatest dangers. We get too close to it.

Practice looking up into eternity with your eyes. Your heart and mind will follow as a matter of course.

by Byrne Hope Sanders

The doctor advises a patient about HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE



DOCTOR: "Your recent physical examination showed that you are in good condition, although your blood pressure is up. Additional tests and examinations I have made indicate that you have uncomplicated high blood pressure. This means that no underlying diseases or infections are causing your condition."

"Actually, high blood pressure, or hypertension, may be slight, moderate, or severe. Even when it is severe, many people continue to lead active, normal lives for many years simply by following the doctor's advice and by adopting healthful living habits."

PATIENT: "Just what is high blood pressure?"

DOCTOR: "It is a condition that results when the blood flowing through the body's small vessels meets increased resistance. This is usually brought about by the narrowing of these small vessels. This narrowing may occur in response to emotional or other factors."

"Everybody's blood pressure varies from time to time. However, when these blood vessels remain constantly tightened up, persistent high blood pressure results."

PATIENT: "How does high blood pressure cause harm?"

DOCTOR: "Mainly by placing an additional strain on the heart and blood vessels. This, in turn, causes enlargement of the left ventricle of the heart. As a result, the efficiency of the heart's chief pumping chamber is lessened. Then, too, the arteries wear out sooner than they would if the blood pressure were normal."

PATIENT: "I understand. Now, Doctor, what can I do to help myself?"

DOCTOR: "First, learn to avoid worry and mental strain. For example, if there are situations which always upset you, make a special effort to avoid them. Slow down—go through your daily routine without undue fuss or hurry. The calmer you become, the more your blood vessels tend to relax—and thus help to lower your blood pressure. You must also get your weight down to what is normal for you and keep it there, you must get plenty of sleep and rest, and you must not neglect having periodic health examinations."

PATIENT: "What about the new treatments... special diets and drugs?"

DOCTOR: "In selected cases, the newer forms of treatment are often helpful. Some of the newer drugs may be helpful in many cases but owing to the wide variation in the causes of high blood pressure, these should only be taken with the advice of your physician. Various diets in which salt, protein, and fats are restricted have often benefited some patients. But in your case, like many others, simple common sense treatment usually produces good results."

Knowledge of what causes high blood pressure is increasing, thanks to research supported by the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund and others. In fact, there is hope that both preventive and curative measures may be found as research continues. For more information about high blood pressure, write for Metropolitan's free booklet, 80-L, entitled "Your Heart."

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

Please send me a copy of your free booklet, entitled "Your Heart," 80-L.

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The Bachelor's Dilemma

by *Morley Callaghan*

A Canadian writer of international repute is Morley Callaghan. His new novel, "The Loved and the Lost", will appear shortly.



The night before Christmas Harry Holmes, the plump young executive with the bow tie, came home to his bachelor apartment near the university and found the janitor had put a turkey on the kitchen table. It was a fine big bird weighing twenty-two pounds, far too big for his small ice box, and tied to the leg was a note from the manager of his favorite restaurant congratulating him on winning their turkey raffle. Wondering when he had taken the ticket he thought, "Well, the devil must look after his own", and he telephoned his brother's wife who had invited him for dinner on Christmas Day. "Well, this year, for a change I'll provide the turkey", he said, feeling exuberant. "I've got it right here".

"Oh, Harry, that's a shame", she said. "We've got a turkey big enough for three days. It's in the ice box". There was no room in the ice box for his turkey and so she had to disappoint him.

Soon he was smiling and indulging himself, anticipating the pleasure he would get giving the turkey to Tom Hill, his underpaid assistant who had just got married. Then he talked on the telephone to Tom, who had to explain his wife had bought a turkey that afternoon, and he was so apologetic and embarrassed Harry thought, "You'd think I was trying to get him to do something for me", and he felt amused.

He called three old friends. Two were out of town for the holiday; the other had won a turkey in a bowling alley. Then he remembered that two other friends whom he admired, sports columnists on the local newspapers, were accus-

tomed to foregathering at this hour in a cafe on Bloor Street. With the turkey in his arms he took a taxi to the cafe, grinned jovially at the hat check girl who asked him to check the turkey, strode past her to the familiar corner table, laid the turkey before his astonished friends and invited them to toss for it. One telephoned his wife, the other his sister. Both had turkeys and crowded refrigerators. The hostile waiter glared at the turkey lying on the table. And Harry's friends, having stood him treat, began to make jokes. "I'm afraid", one said, teasing Harry and pretending to be in the theatrical business, "we have a turkey on our hands". It was all very jolly, and he laughed too, but the fact was they didn't appreciate that he had thought of them, and he had to pick up his turkey and go home.

★ ★ ★ ★

In the kitchen, standing beside the turkey, he felt irritated; it was as if his brother's wife and Tom and all his friends had joined together to deny him the satisfaction of pleasing them with a gift, and as he looked out the window at the lighted houses of his city of a million souls he suddenly felt discontented with his life which had been going so smoothly until he had to get a turkey cooked. "There's something the matter with the world when you can't give a turkey to anyone who knows you", he thought. "To the devil with it".

Then he tried to sell the turkey to the restaurant, but the manager refused to buy back a turkey he had given away; "Why don't you try a butcher?" he asked.

A butcher store a few blocks away on Harbord was still open, but the bald-headed butcher, pointing to his turkey-filled window, said, "Look what I have left, mister! I'll sell you one at half price". On the way home the big turkey seemed to take on weight, Harry's arms ached, and he was glad when he dumped it on the kitchen table. Exhausted, he lay down and fell asleep.

At the Christmas dinner at his brother's place, they were surprised to hear his turkey was still on his kitchen table, and he wondered why he felt ashamed. When he got home in the evening he stared uneasily at the naked bird. "It'll go bad", he thought and he sniffed. Picking it up he went out and began to cross Queen's Park. It had begun to snow. Wet dead leaves in the melting snow glistened under the park lights. Shifting the turkey from one arm to the other, he headed for a church along a side street. There he asked the white-haired man who answered the door, "Do you know anyone who would like a Christmas turkey?" He added apologetically, "It's late, I know".

"It's never too late, my son", the old man said. "I know a hundred poor families in the neighbourhood who'll appreciate a turkey. Won't you give me your name?"

"It doesn't matter", Harry said awkwardly. And as soon as he felt the weight of the turkey being lifted off his arms he understood why he had felt ashamed at his brother's place. He hadn't been looking for someone who would appreciate a turkey. He had been looking for someone who would appreciate him.

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because we liked it





One clatter that's *MUSIC* to our ears

CLATTER AND RUMPUS are healthy signs—signs that Baby is thriving on a well-balanced diet under the doctor's care.

A valuable contribution to the nutrition of growing children was made in 1930, when scientists at the Hospital for Sick Children and the Department of Pediatrics of the University of Toronto devised the formula for a cereal food which would furnish not only energy but calcium, phosphorus, iron and certain other essential minerals in significant amounts.

The manufacture of this new cereal was entrusted to Mead Johnson & Company, already a leader in nutritional products for babies. Mead's laboratories

developed a method of preparing the cereal in precooked, convenient form.

After extensive clinical tests at leading medical centers had demonstrated the value of the new cereal, Mead's placed it on the market, the world's first precooked vitamin and mineral enriched cereal—under the name of Pablum®.

Later, to make available a cereal of similar nutritional values but of different taste, Mead's developed a precooked oatmeal, vitamin and mineral enriched—Pabena®.

Pablum and Pabena are tasty, convenient to use, and simple to prepare. They are economical, too. You can quickly pre-

pare just the right amount, without waste.

For advice on diet and care for her child, today's informed mother takes him to the doctor periodically for a checkup.

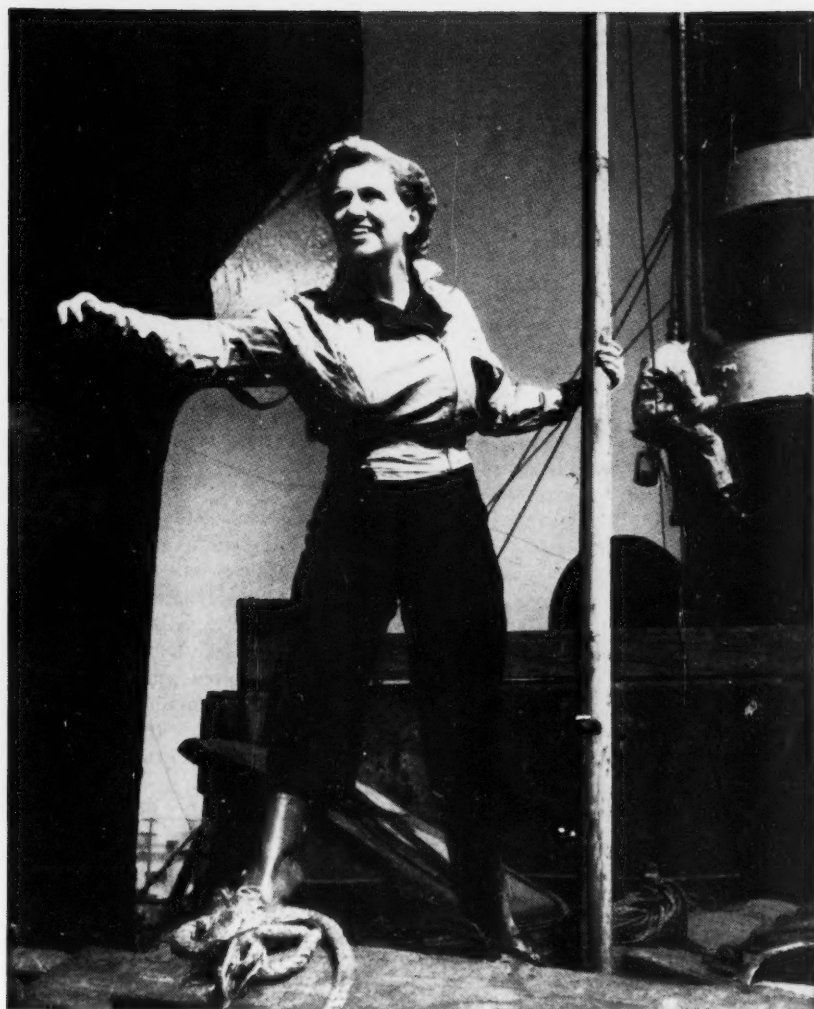
On the recommendation of doctors, Pablum and Pabena are used with satisfaction in millions of homes. They are available in pharmacies throughout the Dominion.



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CHATELAINE FOR AUGUST



"For better or for worse, this was to be my world for thirteen days"—the author.

BLIND DATE *with a* TRAMP

If you have a yen to see the world, here's
one way to do it. All you need is plenty of time,
very little money—and a feeling for
adventure, says Canadian novelist

Maida Parlow French

I WANTED to get to England. I had plenty of time but very little money and a trampship seemed the cheapest way. I went to Halifax and consulted the exporters. One agent had a trampship coming in next day. They always let the captain do the deciding, he said. Women were bad luck on a ship. I'd be blamed for everything that happened. Why wouldn't I settle for a freighter? They had passenger accommodation and I would be safe.

Passage on a freighter cost \$165. I went on about the tramp. Where would this tramp be going to?

It had a cargo for Ango-Ango in the Belgian Congo, he said, and another for Takoragi on the Gold Coast, but I wouldn't be able to land. I couldn't desert the ship. I'd have to sign on as a member of the crew and come back to South America. From there we'd cross to India. He wasn't certain where we'd go from there.

"How long would all this take?" I asked.

"Oh, a year perhaps. Maybe two. It all depends."

"Say, what is a tramp?" I cried. If I was going to spend the rest of my life with one I better get a few details.

A tramp is a ship that goes out looking for cargo, that takes handouts, just as a freighter carries regular freight, and a liner runs on a line between two ports.

There are plenty of tramps. You find out from the shippers where one is loading and dash off to the harbor where it is. At Digby, Nova Scotia, I came to Forsaker Five, a tall, exceedingly narrow ship that had once been white. A filthy wooden ladder slanted crazily up from the dock, the bottom two rungs gone. A couple of stevedores hoisted me onto the upper rung. I scrambled in over the side and landed on a crooked pile of lumber. Everything shifted and gave beneath my feet. What had become of Forsaker One, and Two, and Three, and Four, if this was Five? I was ushered into the salon, and there sat Captain Olsen eating a breakfast of coffee and cake at a red-clothed table.

"Police!" he cried, offering me a cigarette.

I held up one I had already taken from my pack.

"Police!" he insisted. So I put my cigarette away and accepted his, as I explained my errand. "And now, can you take me?" I asked.

"You will pay me 40 pounds," he said in a flat metallic voice.

Back in Halifax they told me it was unlawful to pay sterling to a foreign country.

"But I'm not going to a foreign country," I explained. "We land in England."

"It's a Norwegian ship," the agent said, "a ship is a country. All you cost them is a dollar a day. Why don't you try to beat them down?"

"It's too late now," I said, sadly glancing at my watch. In another five minutes the banks would close. I had come back from Digby with the promise of a tramp. I had got my date. And now I had to turn it down. I had to begin all over again chasing tramps.

IT TOOK me a month. By this time everyone I knew in Nova Scotia was helping me. It was Jack Brayley of Canadian Press, flying back from St. Pierre, who saw the Carl Gorthon loading pulpwood 75 miles up the coast from Halifax.

As usual the technique was the same. I must travel to Sheet Harbor to be looked over. Captain Sven-Eric Kristoffersen, a tall dark, blue-eyed man of 40, who looked like Gary Cooper, agreed to cable the owners of the ship in Sweden for permission to take me.

When I got back to Halifax again there was a long-distance call from a pit-prop agent in Digby with the offer of two separate ships. After the way I'd been chasing tramps now they were chasing me. Next morning Sheet Harbor telephoned. "It's all right with Carl Gorthon," they said. "The fare will be \$100. You sign on as assistant stewardess to satisfy Insurance; but you'll have to be on the Sheet Harbor bus within the hour." ♦ Continued on page 47

The Wonderful Year

by Avis Carlson

HALFWAY THROUGH her coke, Linda thought, "This is going to be the most wonderful year of my life."

The drugstore was absolutely swarming with kids, from the pulpy little ninth graders throwing themselves around up front on back to the seniors aloof in the far booths. The juke box was booming, soda jerks racing, books slamming on tables, everybody yak-yaking and working their eyes. And she was in a booth with the three very cutest girls in the junior class, cooking up a party for Friday night. Margo had just finished saying, she actually had, "I'm saving him for you, Linda. You're the only one who can follow all the zany steps he'll throw in." "He" was Margo's out-of-town cousin, a hunk of heartbreak, Sigma Chi pledge, and positively fiendish dancer. And to think, only six weeks ago she was so new in town that she was afraid to come in here, actually walked home on the other block so she wouldn't have to come by the place.

For the first time since she had been in the crowd she allowed herself to take the final pull on her straw—the one that almost certainly ends in an unrefined rattle of air through crushed ice.

"Vulgar, I calls it," Lois giggled. Darling, funny, honey-blond Lois, who lived next door and had taken her into the bunch.

"They like me," Linda thought blissfully. Aloud she said, "No sort of fetchin'-up at all!" The kind of thing you don't say until you feel pretty sure you belong.

Margo pushed aside her empty glass and dived into her capacious bag. Margo was the sultry type with deep brown eyes and a torchy voice that put her on all the school talent shows. She also went steady with a football player and made almost straight A's. A simply terrific girl. As she brought out her cigarettes and matches, Nancy and Lois produced theirs too. Linda took a quick look around, just to be sure, and opened her own bag.

She still had to concentrate to handle her matches right and keep from choking when the smoke first struck her throat. She was concentrating like everything when Margo enquired, "By the way, where *were* you brought up? I mean what's your home town?"

Linda flicked off her ash carefully and tried not to be nervous. "I haven't any, really. You see, my father's an industrial engineer."

"What's that?" Nancy was the artist in the crowd, who was already dreaming up her own clothes and couldn't decide whether to be a designer or a painter. She wouldn't know about industrial engineers.

"They study plant layouts and operation and plan more efficient ones," Linda told her, thrilling again with the pride of having a father you could brag about.

"Sounds like a terrific job."

"It *is*. The only trouble with it is you don't get to stay anywhere long and usually have to live in apartment hotels."

"I'd love to keep seeing new places," Nancy mused.

"That part of it is all right. But you're always a new girl."

THEY ALL looked at her, trying to understand. But they couldn't really, she thought. They'd started kindergarten together, gone to dancing school together, had their first dates together. Their mothers belonged to the same clubs and their fathers probably knew each other in business. How could they know how it feels to be new and outside?

Lately, since she'd been realizing how much it meant to be in a crowd, she'd found herself half-wishing Daddy hadn't won the annual argument about a boarding school.

"Children belong with their parents," he always insisted. And when Mother quipped, "Children need to run in coveys," he would polish off the discussion with a grave, "Parents mean more than friends, Flo."

But when he got a job that he knew would hold him for at least two years, Mother had insisted that they turn suburban. So for the first time Linda lived in a house and could fix up her own room. And have a dog. And be in a gang having cokes after school. And look forward to graduating next year with kids she knew like the back of

Her heart belonged to daddy — till he broke it.

But understanding people, even

parents, is more than seeing through them.



With the first familiar note she began to dance, a snatch of comic routine. Through it all her father sat stiff and bleak.

her hand. By the time the two years were up, she'd be ready for college and maybe the crowd would all go to the same school. Anyway, she'd be nearly grown-up and another move wouldn't matter so much.

"I don't know," Nancy went on. "Same old streets and teachers, same creeps and rover boys thinking they're heaven's gift to suffering girlhood—"

"Same picnic spots and dance dumps," Lois took it up with a twinkle. "And the watchdogs after you same as always: Pick up your room, Lois. Pull in your stomach. Come home early."

Lois was good at dramatics. She looked as innocent as peanut butter, but she could take off her mother to put everybody in stitches. Today as she warmed up to her mimicry and proceeded to her father, her voice got sharper. "Not a minute

Continued on page 31



A raging sea lashing the lighthouse rock . . . a storm only outmatched by the turmoil of this human heart

IT'S LUCKY I got a front bedroom instead of one plumb up against the breakwater," Rance thought, leaning a little farther out of her window at Egg Rock Light and adjusting her binoculars. Egg Rock, as its name indicated, was merely a rounded hump of yellow granite that jutted out of the sea half a mile off the Atlantic coast, with barely enough space above sea level to accommodate the fourth-class brick lighthouse, painted a dazzling white, which housed not only the light itself but the foghorn, Carrie B.; the double house for the two keepers that was bolted to the rock with anchor irons and further protected on the northeast where the worst storms came by a 30-foot wooden breakwater; while on the comparatively sheltered south side of the Rock was the boathouse with the landing slip. As Rance got her binoculars just right she could see directly across the dancing blue water on the mainland the little white cottage Court rented for the summer and his red shirt hanging over the veranda rail.

"He's already gone up to the east meadow," Rance interpreted their prearranged signal. Probably he wanted some early-morning cloud effects, to tone in with your blue dress. Jeepers, if Ma ever found out you were letting "one of them art loonies" paint your picture . . .

"Rance! Breakfast's on," Ma called up the stairs.

RANCE DREW in her blond head hastily, put the binoculars carefully away in her top bureau drawer, glanced anxiously into the mirror to be sure her blue dress collar set all right, smoothed back the lock of fine hair, cut short like a boy's, that kept tumbling onto her forehead.

Foot by foot, inch by inch, Court staggered toward her. Rance kept saying his name as if it were a prayer of thanksgiving.

Illustrated by Ed. Vebell

"Towhead," Kip called you, but Court said your hair was "sun-silvered" and that your eyes were "cobalt" under those long dark lashes. "Never wear anything but blue, darling," he'd advised you, but artists called everyone "darling"; it didn't mean a thing. Were the planes of your face really beautiful like he said . . .

"Temperance!" Pa opened the kitchen door to bellow for he hated to be kept waiting for his coffee. "You took root or what?"

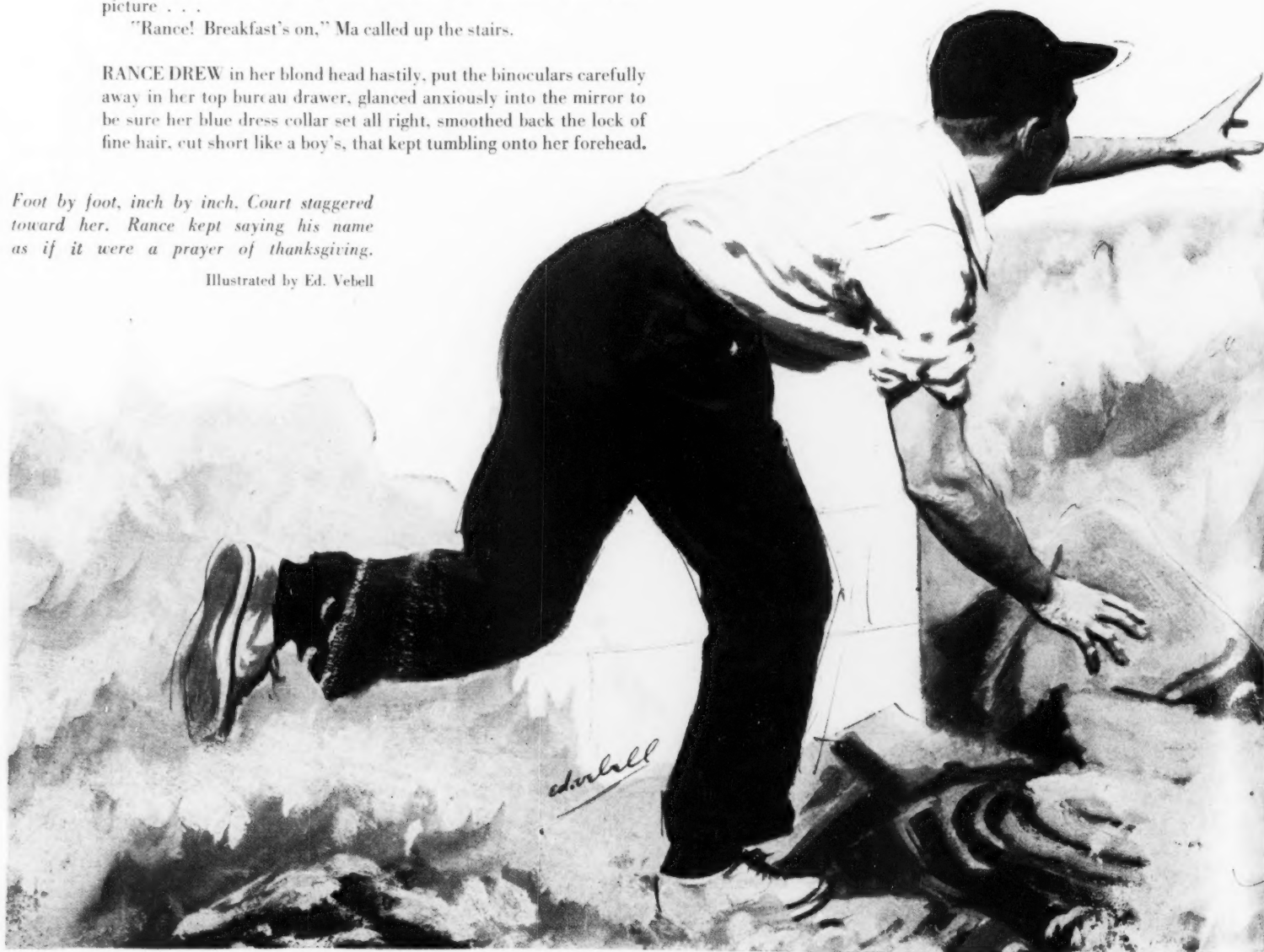
"Coming." Rance ran lightly in her sandaled feet down the polished wooden stairs, her blue cotton dress flowering about the stamen of her bare sun-browned legs as she hurried into the kitchen to help Ma dish up. With the speed of long practice she snatched the big grey enamel coffeepot from the neatly blacked coal stove, poured Pa out his coffee into the enormous pink china cup that held nearly a pint, and set the pot down on the bead mat at his elbow. Ma, a plump little woman with her black hair drawn so tightly into a knot on the top of her head that she looked permanently surprised, had already served the bacon and eggs, was yanking hot biscuits out of the oven which Pa and Kip drowned in honey and devoured almost as fast as they appeared. It makes you some hungry to haul 20 lobster pots before breakfast like Kip had.

"Hi, Towhead," he greeted Rance, pushing his old uniform cap onto the back of his head to grin at her. His great sea boots that came up to his hips and his soiled shapeless trousers smelled of cunner bait and so did the grey sweater you'd knitted him last Christmas; and he needed a shave, Rance thought with distaste, remembering how smooth, smelling of soap and good tobacco Court's cheek had been last night when you danced together over at Boo'b'y. "You got your war paint on this early. You goin' ashore again today?" Kip accused her.

"What's it to you?" Rance

+

Continued on page 22



NO MORE SEA

by Grace Nies Fletcher



THE HEARTBREAK OF

A black and white photograph showing a cluttered and damaged interior space, likely a kitchen or storage area. The scene is characterized by wooden surfaces, possibly cabinets or shelves, which are heavily worn and stained. On a shelf in the upper left, there are several boxes, some labeled 'VEL'. To the right, a large, dark, rectangular object, possibly a piece of electronic equipment or a box, sits on a surface. Below it, a small, light-colored box is visible. In the foreground, a wooden counter or shelf is crowded with various items: several glass bottles of different shapes and sizes, a small jar, and a white, curved object that might be a piece of fabric or a small container. The overall atmosphere is one of disarray and neglect, suggesting a place that has been abandoned or severely damaged.

THE WINNIPEG FLOOD WAS A
NATIONAL DISASTER - BUT HERE IS
PERSONAL TRAGEDY... THE
HOMECOMING TO A DROWNED HOUSE

COMING HOME

by Vinia Hoogstraten

WHAT DO people feel when they return to flooded homes for the first time? Mostly they feel a sense of dull outrage at the desecration of their belongings. It's bad enough to have the accumulated possessions of a lifetime ruined. When they look as though an obscene vandal had wilfully smeared and defiled them, it's beyond bearing.

"Winnipeg" is an Indian word meaning "dirty water." Evidently some seer with a nasty sense of humor gave our city its name. The trail the river has left behind is an unspeakable brew of sewage, mold, scum and silt. In the case of Wildwood and a few other unfortunate districts this is augmented by oil from broken tanks of oil-burners.

To tell the story of the flood's aftermath, we felt it was necessary to select a neighborhood as a focal point. When I speak of Wildwood, the one we decided on, it must be understood that this same picture is repeated time after time, in all its ugliness, in many other sections of Winnipeg. And the picture is unbelievably grim.

We went out to Wildwood with only the vaguest idea of what we would find, but nothing could have prepared us anyway. We picked Wildwood because of our intense consciousness of dikes, and a feeling of guilt, irrational but nevertheless there, that when we needed heavy machinery for our own Lyndale dike, we got it. Wildwood didn't. A state of national emergency was declared on the morning of Saturday, May the sixth, and the army was called in. Wildwood's gallant battle was lost the preceding night, in spite of the frantic, superhuman efforts of the three hundred men, many of them veterans, who live there.

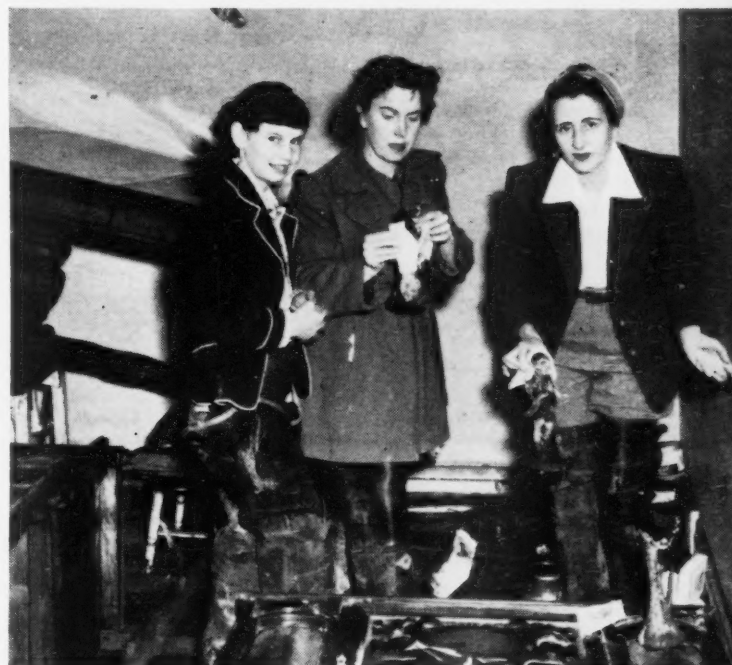
"The night the dike went, the men were out there in the rain and snow putting lumps of clay on it with their hands, and trying to make it stick," Helen Fairbrother told us. "It was the most pathetic thing I ever saw."

The accounts which appeared in our local newspapers after the flood, telling of Winnipeg's City Engineer's correspondence with our Provincial Government, must have made grim reading for Wildwood's residents. According to these reports, he wrote repeatedly, weeks prior to the emergency, saying that the people of Winnipeg should be warned. His letters were ignored, and we were not warned. One of the most pointed lessons to be learned from a thing like this is that we as a people, and particularly we women, are much too vague and casual about the men we put into public office. In far too many cases men are elected because we don't bother to go to the polls to defeat them . . . And these are the men to whom we must turn for protection and aid in a time of crisis. It's something to think about.

Wildwood evacuated on ten minutes' notice. Somewhere between five and ten per cent had got their furniture out. The rest made impromptu trestles and put their things up as far as they could. Those with second floors had a great advantage, but even there, in most cases it was impossible to get large pieces up the staircases.

After they had accepted the fact that the dike had failed, the weary men leaped into boats and rescued thousands of dollars worth of furniture. A fuel company in Winnipeg sent a fleet of trucks to haul it away, and has promised to return it + Continued on page 40

The sight and smell of the house (shown on the opposite page) was like a blow in the face. Dirty, black water knee-deep. A mohair chesterfield covered by peculiar white fungus; a foul, mucky deposit on the walls. The veneer of dining and living room furniture (above) peeled off like cardboard. Centre: The author and Helen Fairbrother rescue cherished antiques from flood water. Right: The garage served as a canteen during the fight with the dike.





Furniture designed by Albert and Harry DeLuca, Furniture Guild Ltd., Dorion, Quebec. Photographs by Max Sauer Studios, Montreal.

Add Color to Your Life

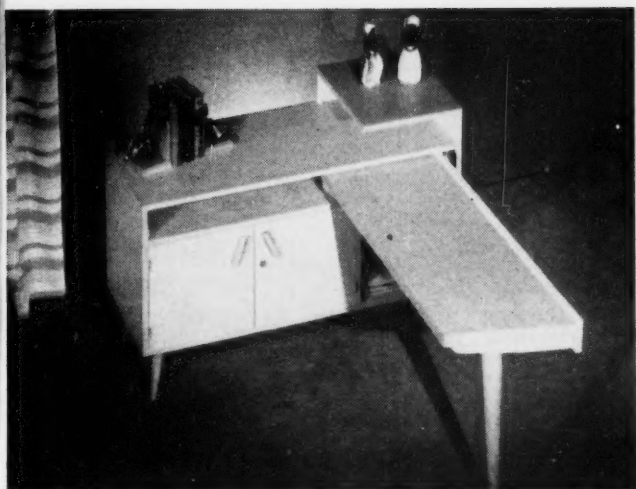
Are you a good mixer? See how gay colors, fresh fabrics and contemporary furniture of Canadian manufacture are blended with imagination to make these informal yet distinctive rooms

by John Caulfield Smith
Home Planning Editor

THIS IS a story in three parts. First part is color; the second furnishings; the third, imagination. Put them together and you have the smart setting shown on these two pages.

Picture this three-part story taking place in your own living room, transforming the conventional interior into this delightful living space, completely modern in spirit. Here's how you can do it:

FIRST CONSIDER color. It can raise the roof, or bring down the ceiling. Color can suggest warmth or coldness, make you feel glad or sad. Color can be made to work for you . . . or simply provide a lovely background. The psychology of color, they call this, and it's a fascinating subject. And the most interesting fact of all is that the richest color in the world costs you no more than the duller . . . whether that color is poured from a paint can or is tacked up on a curtain roll.



Here is a room with personality and a lived-in look, yet without clutter. Walls and broadloom are in restful tones; dramatic accents come in watermelon pink chairs, Chinese red shelves, a sun yellow lamp. Versatile main piece of furniture combines bookshelves, radio cabinet, writing desk and storage space. Brick wall in adjoining room can be hidden by draw curtain. Easy chair is in matching fabric.

Above, close-up of a star. It's heavenly to have furniture that adapts itself to varied use and space. "Drawer" pulls out to form a desk or a serving table that is indispensable for guest buffet suppers. Nice notion: that recess on top for the phone book.

More spacemakers, in the two photos at right. Deep shelves and roomy storage sections mean compact convenience. Above, cabinets fit into corner of the living room. Below, love seat is flanked by end tables that provide extra space. End tables and cabinets are arm-rest height.



HOW TO make a start? Plan a color scheme of strong interesting contrasts (no more than three to a room, please) . . . say lime, grey and lemon yellow. Or try the new trend in decorating . . . several shades of the same color. Blues, perhaps, or greens. In the accompanying photo you will notice one deep green wall, one wall in a lighter shade of green and a muted green rug. Blend pattern with solid tones, stripes with weaves, wallpaper with paint. Take your initial color inspiration from a cherished piece of china or from a picture on the wall. Or figure out a color scheme that is becoming to your own coloring. Most rooms open one onto the other, so keep this in mind when planning. While rooms need not look alike, they should harmonize well.

Have you ever thought that light, too, is color? You can use it to point up an attractive cornice, to softly illumine a painting or bring a far corner into the room. Choose lamps with care, checking that they fit your decorative theme and balance well with the furnishings. Lamps today are bigger and better than ever, with a tall solid look. Place them where light is most needed, where it will give a good account of itself.

SECOND PART of every decorating story is furnishings. Here we show modern pieces in Appalachian white oak created in Quebec, the craftsman province, and available throughout Canada, at modest prices. Likely you'll choose contemporary furniture, for it is

expressly designed for today's friendly and informal type of living. This white oak has an attractive and unusual grain which is combed and quartered when finished in a mellow combination of soft silver grey and warm wheat tones. Pieces are finished with special lacquers that ensure a non-marring surface and preserve the beauty of the graining.

The thing we like most about modern furniture is its flexibility. Any piece can be moved from one room to another, and fitted in wherever it may be required at the moment. And while each piece has its own distinctive character it combines well in a group arrangement.

Gone, praise be, is the era when furniture was made to be sold by the pound—or so it seemed, at least. Modern furniture has achieved lightness and grace with no sacrifice of strength.

PART THREE of our story concerns imagination . . . inventiveness . . . individuality . . . whatever you wish to call that certain X that sets a room apart, gives it a special charm. That X is present in our photographs. Color has been used with bold imagination. Figurines add a great deal to the furniture groupings, as do the clumps of living greens. Through your choice of color, of furniture, of interesting accessories, you can stamp your own rooms "originals."

That's the story—in color, in furnishings—and imagination. Your room is ready to live in, happily ever after!



The company was made up mostly of kids from skating clubs all over the country—average age 19 and chock-full of beans. They had the time of their lives, were entertained like celebrities at parties after the show. It was hard work too. They traveled 12,500 miles and made 60 stops in 29 weeks.

BACKSTAGE WITH BARBARA

EVER SINCE winsome Barbara Ann Scott affixed her neat signature to a professional contract about a year ago Canadians have been watching her career with the assiduity and anguish of a farm mother whose daughter has gone off to the city. We've been a-fussin' and a-frettin' and asking each other . . . Is she making any money? Why hasn't she starred in a movie or two? Is her mother gumming up the works? Has crass commercialism spoiled our sweet child? Did those nasty New Yorkers really appreciate her? And the like of that.

Well, the fantastically triumphant tour of Skating Sensations of 1950, "Featuring the World's Figure Skating Champion with an All-Star Company" . . . answered many of those questions, at least for the 850,000 lucky persons who saw the show. It was a smasher. Our queen of the blades was even more of an eye-fu! as a professional than as an amateur. She'd developed plenty of showmanship and—you should pardon the expression—oomph. (Enough to cause a preacher in Winnipeg to blast her bosses for "turning a fine Canadian girl into a burlesque queen.") She executed breathtaking jumps, loops and spins such as Sonja Henie never attempted in an ice show and through a 12,500-mile coast-to-coast tour, that bids fair to be the most rigorous on record, proved herself to be a 100% trouper.

Besides proving that our B. A. has got what it takes, this first big Canadian touring ice show illustrated some pertinent facts about

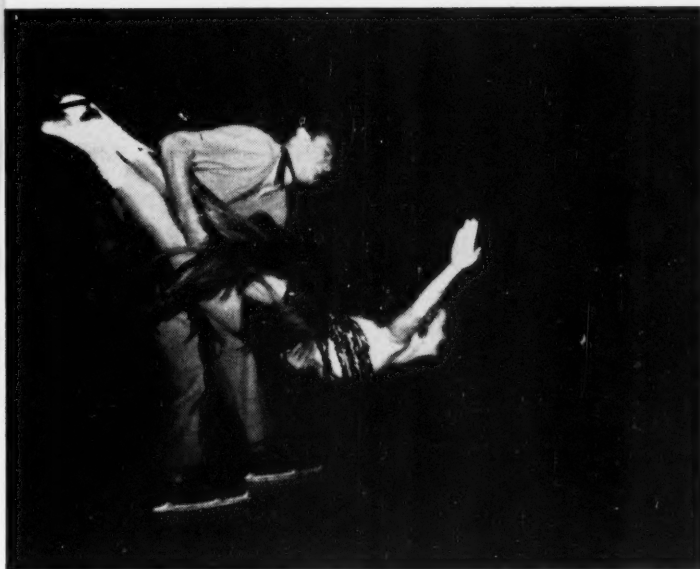
professional entertainment and entertainers in Canada. First: that Canadian stars don't have to go to the U. S. to make big money. In 29 weeks Miss Scott earned close to \$200,000—that's two hundred thousand dollars—a fifth of a million. Some weeks her take was over \$14,000. We just naturally think of Hollywood as the ultimate gold mine, but Barbara made more money playing the "tank towns" of Canada (the show by-passed Toronto and Montreal and played in some towns with slightly more than 1,000 population) than she could have made during a comparable period in Hollywood.

Secondly: the Canadian public is, to quote Tommy Gorman, the organizer of the show, "hungry for live talent entertainment." Since talking pictures and radio squeezed out traveling troupes like the Original Dumbells a couple of decades ago show folks have taken it for granted that traveling extravaganzas didn't have a chance. Skating Sensations with a cast of 56 (about 75% Canadian) grossed a cool million and, after paying out \$175,000 in salaries (exclusive of the star), \$55,000 for transportation, \$178,405 for rink rentals, still put a hefty hunk of cash into the pockets of Gorman and his associates in National Sports Enterprise.

Everywhere they went they packed them in. Cash customers swarmed into the towns where the show was playing by rail, car, airplane, rowboat, horseback or on foot. A priest from northern Saskatchewan drove 350 miles through a snowstorm to Saskatoon. In St. Andrews, Nova Scotia—a village of 1,300—a total of more than

Skating Sensations of 1950 was a smasher! Our Queen of the Blades made more money playing Canadian tank towns than she would have in Hollywood. Fans arrived by plane, train, horseback and rowboat. Every show was packed.

by Max Braithwaite



Barbara has plenty of showmanship. In the perfume symphony "Tabu" she put on an act that caused a Winnipeg preacher to blast her bosses for "turning a fine Canadian girl into a burlesque queen."



A ANN

12,000 persons saw the four performances while hundreds were turned away. Special boats brought customers from the surrounding islands and from the State of Maine. One husky, handsome, black-mustached fisherman showed up at O'Neil's restaurant after the show looking for an autograph. He'd rowed six miles in an open boat to see the show and said it was "sure worth it."

In Stellarton, N.S., coal miners came directly to the rink off the eight o'clock shift—still wearing their black faces and pit lamps.

In Lethbridge, Alberta, everybody turned out, even the bearded Hutterites from a nearby settlement. The rink was so full police ordered it cleared of all baggage to lessen the fire hazard. In Edmonton 50,000 saw the show including 11,000 children who were given a free matinee to make up for an unfortunate much-publicized kafful in a local department store. The city council, police department, fire department, Red Cross, Girl Guides all combined to see that the kids got home safely. In Saint John, New Brunswick, 15,000 kids showed up for a matinee in a rink that held barely 5,000.

And Gorman soon discovered he was exhibiting a celebrity as well as staging an ice extravaganza. The trip had many of the aspects of a royal tour. Wherever the train stopped throngs of waving, cheering fans were on hand to see their Cinderella girl. And at the smallest sidings B. A. would make an appearance, smile her sweet smile, make a pleasant little speech and sign autographs. At Campbellton, N.B., a town of 6,784 souls, 6,000 jammed + Continued on page 51

"Wonderful to work with!" said members of the all-star cast about their Cinderella girl, on her triumphant coast-to-coast tour across Canada.

Is it better **TO BUY OR RENT?**

by **Mary Jukes**
Consumer Relations Editor



HOME OWNERSHIP is a subject guaranteed to start an argument over almost any cup of coffee. The scare stories in circulation against buying date right back to the first Great War. They involve inflationary prices, green lumber in new homes, and shaky foundations, leaky roofs and ancient plumbing in old ones, and are colorful enough to send a buying extrovert flying into the arms of a psychoanalyst. It is also a popular notion that the majority of people who have bought homes in the past few years were bludgeoned into buying because they couldn't get a roof over their heads any other way.

If you want to know what the majority of these poor, miserable dupes, the home owners, feel about home ownership, here are some facts worth listening too.

Voice of Authority

Chatelaine has just completed a survey through its Consumer Council of 1,464 Canadian households. This sample panel includes rural and urban households and covers cities, towns and villages from coast to coast.

It reveals that 73% of these Canadian householders own their own homes. It also shows that well over a third have bought in the last 10 years.

Well, what do these home owners think about their investment? Are they morose? Do they feel they have been gypped? Do they wish they were back in the bosom of the landlord?

They do not. What Chatelaine home owners have to say about owning their own homes could be set to music.

They Never Look Back

Over 95% are overwhelming in their praise of home ownership. And that's not all. Add to that number over half of those who rent houses and apartments. They wish they had bought or built years ago.

What do these home owners find most satisfying about ownership?

Their satisfaction is divided roughly into seven groups, the majority naming "security" as the first. Under security they list such things as the relaxing peace that comes from the knowledge that you can't be booted into the street almost overnight. Some landlords have the habit of claiming they want the rented apartment or house for themselves when all the time your nasty suspicion tells you they want to annihilate

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Continued on page 37

Many young people dream of owning their own homes, but is it worth the struggle? Fourteen hundred and sixty-four Canadian householders tell what they think

RECIPE

Chicken Noodle Soup

take
simmer
add
serve

*a fine, sweet, plump chicken
 and dress it well.*
*ye Chicken long and slowly
 in faire water till the broth
 comes rich*
*pieces of Chicken in good
 measure—both white and dark meat
 —freshly rolled egg noodles too*
to ye table hott!



TRY THIS STURDY SOUP of Campbell's, made in the fine old tradition of early Colonial Days. If you're looking for a grand soup to tempt and satisfy, here's one to appeal to those hearty family appetites—every time!

Campbell's
CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

CAMPBELL'S ARE CANADA'S FAVORITE SOUPS

Memo to husbands:

Don't be surprised if the cute kitten
you marry turns into a clawing tabby



SCREEN TEST

by Jean W. Robbins

Illustrated by J. S. Hallam

KATHY TURNED over in bed and shut off the alarm. "Seven o'clock," she sighed, "only four hours of sleep. Jim."

No answer. Kathy reached over to her husband's bed and roughly rubbed his brown hair. "Jim, wake up! You have to do the screens this morning. I told you so last night."

Jim opened his eyes, fixing them accusingly on Kathy. "Why did the Bullitts stay so late last night?"

"You proposed that last rubber yourself."

"Why does the last rubber always spin itself out so long?"

"I don't know, it just does. But, Jim, I've been trying for 10 days now to have those screens put up. Every morning I ask you to do it at night and every night I have to wait till morning. You never used to be like that. And the flies are here already. And a mosquito bit me in three places, two here on this arm and one on my back where I can't see it."

"Do you want Daddy to—"

"No, I don't. I want you to get up this minute."

"Look, dear, I have to be at the office early."

"All the more reason to hurry then."

Silence. Kathy slipped on her clothes, fastening her pink housedress with a jerk. At the door she turned and cast a suspicious glance back toward the bed. "Jim, I'm going to be awfully mad if you don't get at those screens."

"I hear you, Angel."

Kathy went down the hall. Seven-year-old Philip was already out of bed like the little saint that he was. "Put on your brown shorts, Ippy," she said in her clear peremptory voice. "It's going to be warm today."

"Yes, mommie."

A rhythmic sound came from the next room. Kathy dashed to its door. "Christy! Jumping on your bed again, in spite of all I've told you."

Christy gave one last glorious leap in the air, folded her legs and came down with a jar that shook the room. Kathy went over and took her by the shoulder.

"How many times have I told you not to, and you go right on disobeying."

Christy jerked her shoulder away. Her beautiful little face shut up like an umbrella. She stared straight ahead.

"Answer me. Why did you disobey me?"

"Forgot."

"Forgot nothing! Now get up and dress right away. Put on your blue playsuit."

"I don't want to."

"Well, you'd better want to, or you'll get into trouble."

The kitchen looked like the morning after, Kathy thought. She and Jim should not have left it so. A plate with a few pieces of sad-looking cake lay on the table where Kathy had thrust it at two o'clock that very morning. Silly, idiotic Bullitts, to stay so late! If they had any children maybe they would have more sense. Keeping other people up like that!

Well, empty the percolator and start it going again. Cut the bread thin enough to go around. Fix the orange juice—now where were all those oranges? They couldn't be gone so soon? All right then, open a can of grapefruit juice, and if anyone dared to complain—

Where was Jim? Why didn't he just slip on his work clothes and scrub the screens off before he shaved? Well, she wasn't going to say another word. Why didn't he come down?

Kathy began to watch the clock. The children were always annoyingly slow, but Jim shouldn't be.

At quarter to eight Jim came leisurely in, freshly groomed, debonair, and seated himself at the dinette table. Kathy turned on him with flashing eyes. "Jim! You're all dressed!"

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"Sure I am. I do it every morning."

"You're not going to do those screens?"

"Not this morning, Mrs. Legree. I explained to you that business
alls."

"But I told you—"

"Yes, I know you told me. But I don't take orders very well. I'll
o them tonight when I come home—if it's convenient."

Kathy's face turned crimson. She set down his coffee cup so hard
hat the coffee leaped into the saucer, and lifted up her voice in rage.

"Oh, I think you are the most infuriating man I ever saw! Day after
lay I have to hound you into doing the simplest things! You put off
nd put off and *put off*! If you act that way in business you'll never
succeed. And I suppose you do. If you do it at home you probably do it
n the office."

It was Jim's turn to flush. His eyes suddenly hardened under
Kathy's glare. "Now that will do," he said. "You can stop right there.
I'll do the screens when I'm good and ready; and if you don't like it
hat's just too bad! You're not a queen, you know, to issue orders."

"It isn't the screens, it's the principle of the thing. You can't be
trusted, that's all. You don't keep your word."

"Why, Kathy, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing is the matter with *me*. I'm just tired of being tied to a man
who won't do anything around the house without being prodded and
pushed and cajoled like a baby. I'm sick to death of trying to make
you put up those screens!"

Jim threw down his napkin, walked to the basement door and flung it
open. "Those screens can go straight to the devil!" he said and disap-
peared. In a second Kathy heard the motor of the car. He was gone.

Now wasn't that just like a man? Ask him nicely to do his duty and
he gets up and walks out. A man can do that because he has an office to
go to. But where can a woman go when she gets mad?

Kathy turned angrily away from the table and encountered two pairs
of startled young eyes looking up at her from the hallway. Heavens, had
the children heard? If they had, it was the first time. She and Jim had
always been so careful.

"Come in and have your breakfast," she said, trying to smile. Oh
dear, they must have heard, they were so angelic! After breakfast they
did their little chores without any urging and went out to play and,
Kathy hoped, to forget the scene they had witnessed.

Oh, well, they might as well know, once and for all, that their father
was a mean, pigheaded man who wouldn't put up screens. And in the
wintertime he hated to shovel snow. And he was horrid about doing
little painting jobs about the house.

"I'd rather pay to have it done," he would say with his lord-of-the-
manor air. You can't save money that way, hiring things done instead
of doing them yourself. Jim used to be so good around the house. Too
bad he was so handsome, he could get away with murder.

At nine o'clock, by Kathy's gospel, Jim was still mean and pro-
crastinating but he was generally very sweet and easy to live with. At
half-past-nine he was procrastinating but not generally mean, and
probably did not realize how annoying he could be. At 10 o'clock he did
not procrastinate always, only sometimes. And he was wonderful with
the children, especially with stubborn little Christy. If Kathy ran down
quickly to the "Super-de-Luxe-Foodery" and got some green summer
apples, she could make a deep apple pie for a surprise. Jim loved deep
apple pie, and Kathy would flavor it with cinnamon for him, though
everyone but Jim knew that just a trace of nutmeg is much better.

She had scarcely begun to pare her apples before a young head
appeared at each elbow; Philip and his little friend Johnny. Strange how
far away children can get when one needs them for errands, Kathy
thought, but the minute something interesting is begun they pop up right
out of the ground.

The little boys watched with fascinated eyes as she deftly pared and
sliced the fruit. "Let me help," begged Philip. "Me too," said Johnny.

"I'm too busy to be helped just now," answered Kathy. "But you
may watch. See, I am filling this dish and now I'll cover it with this crust.
Well, there is enough to make a little extra pie. What shall we do with
it, Ippy? Give it to Johnny to take home?"

"You'd better," said Johnny soberly. "My Mommie hasn't time
to make desserts any more. She just cries all the time."



"Why does she cry?" asked Philip.

"She and my daddy are getting a divorce. Didn't you know?"

"What's a divorce?"

"It's getting unmarried. Ippy doesn't know very much does he,
Mrs. Barrett?"

"We won't talk about it, children."

But Philip could not be put off. "Can folks really get unmarried?"
he asked. "Where do the children go?"

"Well," said Johnny, "I'm staying with my Mommie to take care of
her. And I do take care of her, but still she cries."

"If she cries, why does she get unmarried?"

"That will do, Ippy," Kathy said. "We never ask persons questions
about their own affairs, you know. You boys had better run out and
play now."

Kathy was not to get off so easily. A few minutes later Philip came
into the kitchen alone. "Johnny's swinging, Mommie, and I want to ask
you something. Why do people get unmarried?"

"Well, there are lots of reasons, Ippy. Sometimes people find they
have chosen the wrong persons to marry. Sometimes grown-up people
behave like children and quarrel over + Continued on page 28



TOO LATE TO CRY OUT IN ANGUISH!

**Beware of the one intimate
neglect that can
engulf you in marital grief**

TOO LATE, when love has gone, for a wife to plead that no one warned her of danger. Because a wise, considerate wife makes it her business to find out how to safeguard her daintiness in order to protect precious married love and happiness.

One of the soundest ways for a wife to keep married love in bloom is to achieve dainty allure by practicing effective feminine hygiene such as regular vaginal douches with reliable "Lysol."

Germ destroyed swiftly

"Lysol" has amazing, proved power to kill germ-life on contact . . . truly cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Thus "Lysol" acts in a way that makeshifts like soap, salt or soda never can.

Appealing daintiness is assured, because the very source of objectionable odours is eliminated.

Use whenever needed!

Gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissue. Easy directions give correct douching solution. Many doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant, just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy aftereffect.

For feminine hygiene, three times more women use "Lysol" than any other liquid preparation. No other is more reliable. You, too, can rely on "Lysol" to help protect your married happiness . . . keep you desirable!

Check these facts with your doctor



Many doctors recommend "Lysol" brand disinfectant for feminine hygiene. Non-caustic, "Lysol" is non-injurious to delicate membrane. Its clean, antiseptic odour quickly disappears. Highly concentrated "Lysol" is economical in solution. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution.

WHY 4 OUT OF 5 PREFER "LYSOL"!

It's safe. For over 50 years "Lysol" has had the acceptance of the medical profession . . . and of mothers and housewives, too. It's the standard antiseptic in modern hospitals throughout the world. Its continued leadership is based upon the confidence of the most prominent doctors. No other general antiseptic and disinfectant enjoys such absolute trust or is so widely recommended.

For Complete Feminine
Hygiene use

"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant

Every time



FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Dept. CH-6, Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 37 Hanna Avenue, Toronto 3, Ontario, for frankly informing FREE booklet in plain envelope.

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No More Sea

Continued from page 11

asked Pa pointedly, emphasizing that he was head keeper and Kip only assistant, "Can I have the skiff, Pa? I thought I'd pick a few blueberries for a pie tonight."

"Berry pie would taste some good," Pa admitted. He was a tall rangy man who seemed to get up from the table in sections he moved so slowly, but his slowness was not irritating but reassuring, as if he could be depended upon like other elemental things, sunrise and tides of the sea. Both sun and sea had left their mark on him, on his leather-colored skin criss-crossed by deep lines, on his hair and scraggly mustache faded a whitish yellow; but his eyes were a steady blue-green like the deep water close to the Rock. "Wait for the mail, will you?" he asked Rance. "If it breezes up, hang up the flag 'n' I'll come git you in the power boat."

The signal flag for the lighthouse was kept in a wooden box on the fish pier that jutted out into the small harbor that was made by two rocky points reaching out, north and south, from the mainland. Inside of these both fishermen and summer folks kept their boats.

Ma grumbled, "Make sure your room's redd up. And be back by noon. Today's Visitors' Day."

"Okay, okay," In a fever to be off, Rance had to traipse away back upstairs again. Darn summer people anyways. Schools of 'em would be coming aboard Egg Rock, slipping on the seaweed, wanting to blow Carrie B., getting dizzy as they climbed the winding iron stairway up to the Light, poking their silly noses even into your bedroom. She ran a vigilant eye over the polished bedroom floor with its scatter of rugs Ma had braided fresh last winter, over the brass bed with its crinkle spread drawn meticulously up over the squared-off pillows, and went over to the dresser to straighten the shell pin tray and the long-legged doll Kip had won at the fair last fall. "I don't see how you keep everything so immaculate!" some fool would be sure to squeal. How did they think lighthouse people lived, in a pig pen? But you had to grin and take it because they were taxpayers.

FREE AT LAST, Rance went down to the boathouse where Kip helped her slide the skiff down into the water, but when she tried to push off, he held the bow for a moment. "Ain't no skin off my nose, but if you're goin' overboard for a pair o' white pants, maybe you ought to know . . ." Kip hesitated, his grey eyes holding hers compellingly, then went on, "That Court Hunt ain't drawn no pictures for magazines for a long time. He's just fresh out'a the Navy hospital . . ."

"You're just jealous, Kip Moore," Rance interrupted hotly. Court sick? It was ridiculous. Why, you'd seen him every day for a month and there wasn't

a thing wrong with him. She wined her. "If you tell Ma about Court, I'll Pa about that quart of whisky you hid up under your socks!"

Kip, being assistant keeper, ran other half of the house, but she wasn't married you or Ma went to make his bed every day. He grined, the skiff go, and Rance pulled impatient on her oars, skimming toward the Rock. The water was like a blue cradle rocking you on its smooth sea soothing . . . Her irritation slipped from her imperceptibly as her imagination leaped ashore ahead of her, ran up to the east meadow where Court was waiting for her. He wasn't like other summer folks, superior, acting as "natives" were some queer breed wate clam muddle and said quaint thing he was just folks like Pa and Ma a you. And when you fitted that way in the curve of his arm, dancing, it was like coming home.

"You finger-painting son of a kind gartner!" she could hear him cussing she came quietly up the path. "W told you you could paint?" He jabbed a brush at his canvas. "Water's heavy see? It's got weight, 60 pounds to a

Prairie Slough

By H. L. HEWLETT

A bowl of tawny waters
Rimmed with salvia, cleft with
sedg,.
Blue dragonflies along its surface
doze,
Tall poplars take their lifeblood
from its edge.
This miracle survivor of spring
snows,
An unplowed hollow in a land of
wheat,
A prairie slough . . . Oasis in the
miles
Of slow, simmering heat.

Rance thought, seeing the muscle Mr. Hunt move smoothly under his brown skin long day because it was natural to him. He was as tall as Kip and his sun-blackened shoulders were broader. He said, tossing path, she down his brush, "Let's take a walk down end is a Cathedral." "You'll never get my picture done. hear him had a time getting here today," Rance his feet, warned. Did you really look as pretty as faster s that? She stared down at the slender reached girl in the blue dress sitting here in the game of golden summer meadow, with two cow over to in the background tethered so they grabbed wouldn't wander over the tawny yellow into the cliff; and beyond that was the sea, the into the wide sky. The girl's eyes were the exalted color of the dreaming sea; and she was bare foot lovely.

Court frowned down at the thing gasped, worrying, "If I could only make that The water look deeper . . . You know terrible 'deep calleth unto deep at the noise chuckle of thy waterfalls!" He laughed. "You he began didn't know I was a PK—Pretender his teet Kid—did you? Come on, let's skip ahead, s for a while."

He took the berry pails from her, were an tossed them into the bushes, and had a fisher hand, like a couple of kids, they an wave b down the meadow toward the tall pines. "Cou on earth "What made you so late? What four At t you find to do on that barren rock . . . focused "Pa earns his money and don't you back fi forget it," she told him: indignantly been an even though she knew he was teasing her.

her. "There's the Light . . . all the lenses to be polished and the brass . . . and the paint's always chipping and you have to keep right after it or everything rusts. You try being on watch eight hours on and eight hours off, seven days a week, keeping an eye out for fog and passing ships, 'n' summer folks that can't read a map and see a rock till they run up on it, personal." She saw he was laughing at her, added hotly, "I bet you didn't haul 20 pots this morning like Kip did!"

"So what? He had breakfast with you," he retorted.

Court's fingers sliding up your bare arm made a delicious sweetness run all over you. When you got to the protection of Cathedral Woods, Rance knew he'd kiss you. She rattled on to hide how much she wanted him to. "I'll have you understand, I made this dress you like. And Ma and I canned 300 quarts of stuff last year, not only vegetables, but chickens, ducks, and deer meat in the season. Why, all we needed to come ashore for last winter was salt and sugar . . ."

SHE STOPPED chattering, drowned in a golden flood of happiness as Court's lips crushed down on her own as he drew her inside the magic of Cathedral Woods. She could see the familiar scene even with her eyes shut, the sunlight filtering down through long aisles of pines so tall they seemed to hold the sky up with their painted tips, and everywhere you looked, long lichened trunks made aisles hushed by the green-brown moss carpet.

"I love you so!" Court gave a sort of groan, caught her closer. "I ought to be shot for telling you, but I can't help it . . . Oh Rance!"

"I love you too," Rance told him when she could speak.

To her surprise he thrust her from him, urging, "Go on back to your Rock, darling."

"What for? You tired of me already, Mr. Hunt?" she demanded, flitting her long dark lashes. When he didn't answer she gave him an exasperated shove, began to run ahead down the path, shouting, "Last one down to the end is a cross-eyed sea gull!" For an instant he hesitated, then she could hear him coming, twigs breaking under his feet, small stones flying. Faster and faster she ran till finally, panting, she reached the end of the path where it came out on a small beach that looked over toward Egg Rock. When he grabbed her, they had to dig their feet into the soft sand to keep from skidding into the shallow water. A gentle wave lapped up the sand, touched Court's bare foot.

"Court! What's the matter?" Rance gasped.

The cry that came from his lips was terrible and as the little wavelet chuckled back around a seaweedy rock, "You began to shake all over, watching it, his teeth chattering. He stared over her head, stiffening like a man in a nightmare who wanted to run but whose feet were anchored by horror. Rance turned her head too, expecting at least a tidal wave but there was nothing.

"Court!" she cried again. "What on earth . . .!"

At the sound of her voice his eyes focused on her again; he seemed to come back from whatever far place he had been and slowly his arms dropped from her. He rushed back, flung himself

down on the pine needles and lay there with his face hidden, his shoulders shaking.

"Okay," his smothered voice told her. "Now you know. I guess you think I'm nuts. Well, I am!"

So this was what Kip had been trying to tell you. A cold icicle ran up her spine, but finally she made her stiff tongue work. "How you talk! What scared you? The rote?"

"If you mean the sound of the sea, yes." He rolled over, facing her, and his lips were moving in and out soundlessly, as he told her, "I saw my twin brother drown on D Day. I stuck it out till the war was over and then I . . . went all to pieces. I should have jumped overboard, too."

So this was why he'd always taken you places inland in the blue car, why he'd never come over to the Light to meet Pa and Ma as you'd begged him to.

"None of it makes sense," he said wearily. He tried to smile. "I'm supposed to be 'cured.' The doc told me I was, to go ahead and paint. That's why I came down here this summer, to be sure I'd licked it. I had a hunch that if I could just make the sea come up and lie down on my canvas once the way I used to—I used to specialize in illustrations for sea stories before the war—that I'd be okay. But I couldn't paint at all till I met you."

Rance tried to say, "Poor darling," but the words refused to come.

"I tried and tried to tell you," Court confessed. "Then I thought maybe the doc was right, it was over; that if you and I loved each other enough—he shrugged—"well, you saw." When she still said nothing his voice rose bitterly, "Funny, isn't it? Regular ten, twenty, thirty melodrama. 'Man who hates the sea does wrong by our Nell, the lighthouse keeper's daughter.' Well, what're you waiting for?"

HIS VOICE was mocking but his eyes were those of a hurt little boy, Rance saw, helplessly. It wasn't his fault. You ought to tell him that it didn't matter, that you loved him still the same. But it did matter.

Whooooo. The eerie wail of Carrie B. gave her a way out. She jumped thankfully to her feet from where she'd been sitting, announcing, "The fog's closing in; I got to get back, 'n' I promised Ma berries for a pie." As she started back up the path, trying not to run, his voice came after her.

"Do me a favor, will you? Pitch that canvas over the cliff. You needn't be afraid. I'm giving up the cottage tonight and tomorrow I'll be gone."

She didn't even try to answer. Blind with tears she stumbled on up the path and out into the meadow they'd left so gaily a few moments. It seemed an aeon . . . ago. She almost bumped into Pa standing there by the easel, looking down at Court's picture of her.

"That nigh cow looks like a good milker," Pa opined. He was so blessedly normal, so matter-of-fact, she could have thrown her arms around him, but at the thought of his face if she'd done anything so silly, she giggled, and felt better.

Rance picked up the picture doubtfully. "Court Hunt, an artist I know, gave it to me," she told Pa. "You think it favors me?"

"A little mite, around the gills." Pa

Continued on page 38

Are you in the know?



At a large party, how should you introduce a late guest?

- ☐ "Everybody—this is Jim Brown" ☐ Give him the gauntlet routine
☐ Lead him to the nearest group

Honestly—would you like being tossed to a sea of unfamiliar faces? Or run the gauntlet mumbling "how-d'you-do's" along the line? Be a considerate hostess. Guide newcomers to the nearest group. Let them get to know your guests by easy

stages. And at calendar time—ever think how considerate Kotex is, of you? Yes, because with those flat pressed ends, Kotex prevents revealing outlines. Buoy your poise, so all the evening's an "easy stage" for you!



For a short cut to glamour, should you —

- ☐ Drop those scissors
☐ See a hair stylist
☐ Be razor sharp

Better steer clear of the hack-and-snip department. It's a shrewd sister who has her tresses thinned and shaped professionally, first. Later, if you'd trim a lock, go slowly. Try a razor-comb, never scissors; follow the line of your hairdo—don't "restyle" it! (See? All the answers above are right.) Be as sharp about cutting down problem-day risks, too. Kotex helps spare you embarrassing mishaps . . . because that special safety centre of Kotex gives you extra protection.



★T.M. Regd.



To keep your formal frock outstanding —

- ☐ Wear a willless petticoat
☐ Dance more waltzes
☐ Avoid sitting down

They say the southern belles started it—this trick for keeping formals bouffant. Ask Mom to dig up an old bed sheet you can presto-change to a petticoat. Make it in three tiers, ruffle edged. Starched to a stand-alone stiffness—*voilà!*—this petticoat holds its shape. So much for style. But for comfort (on "those" days) you'll want softness that holds its shape. Choose the new Kotex—the napkin made to stay soft while you wear it. Keeps your confidence wilt-proof!

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He styles a SUNSHINE OMELET

by Marie Holmes

Director Chatelaine Institute

HE SMILES when he talks about the dishes he likes to make. In fact cooking is his favorite topic of conversation while he works. That's Peter Edelmeyer, gifted hair stylist in one of Canada's largest beauty salons.

His consulting room is decorated with plaques and cups he's won in competitions all over America. He's an artist in his profession—and in his hobby, too.

From his native country, Hungary, he developed his interest in cooking. Many of the dishes he describes are adaptations of the old Hungarian cuisine he knew as a boy.

One, for example, is "Summer Dills." Peter, as he is known to countless Canadian women, is proud of this recipe. He has divulged its secrets to a few, but in the Institute kitchen we watched Peter make the dill pickles himself.

"Sunshine and brine do the curing. And a piece of bread laid on top gives the slightly sour taste," he explained.

Sunshine, it seems, is the motif of both Peter's craftsmanship and his chosen pastime. He himself radiates it all the time. When he beat up some eggs, with orange rind and juice, and poured it all into the frying pan on the Institute range, he announced, "This is my Sunshine Omelet!"

Still smiling he watched the omelet cook, deftly lifting it at the edges to allow some of the liquid to go underneath. Low heat and patience are two important rules in omelet making. These Peter observed as an expert. Then just at the right moment he slipped the longhandled lifter under the omelet. Quickly he folded it over and gently eased it on to the platter. With the same skill he arranged a few orange slices around the platter and added some of his dill pickles for garnish. A sunny platter it looked. And delicious it tasted!

(Peter's recipes on opposite page)



Patient attention to every detail is Peter's secret in the kitchen. Here he folds his omelet with a deft touch.



The same skill and pride are shown in his work—which is styling coiffures of some of Canada's best-groomed women.

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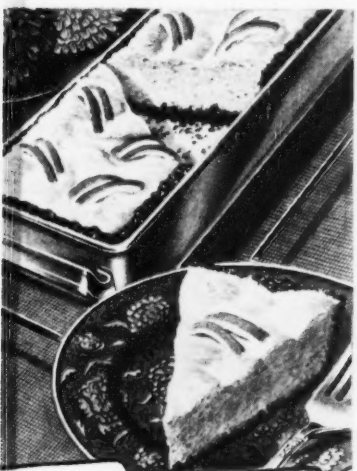
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Lemon ice box pie

You don't cook it...
You freeze it only once...
It's supremely delicious... and
costs only 5 cents a serving.

This Lemon Ice Box Pie has the delightful flavour of fresh lemon contrasted with spiced, crisply toasted crumbs. It's good as can be—and so simple! Just mix and beat as directed, place in refrigerator—and that's all. Unlike most ice box desserts, Lemon Ice Box Pie requires no second beating, no refreezing. You can slip it in the freezing compartment this morning and forget it—serve it tonight or tomorrow. Try this easy, delicious dessert. Make it with juicy Sunkist Lemons.



SUNKIST LEMON ICE BOX PIE

- 1 small can evap. milk
- 2 eggs
- 1/3 cup fresh Sunkist Lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon grated lemon peel
- 1/2 cup sugar
- spiced crumbs

1. Cool evaporated milk in ice cube tray until crystals start to form. 2. Separate eggs. 3. Mix the egg yolks, lemon juice, grated peel and sugar. 4. Beat egg whites stiff, then beat in preceding mixture. 5. Beat the chilled milk in another bowl and fold in egg white mixture. 6. Pour into ice cube tray lined with Spiced Crumbs and freeze. Serves 6 to 8.

Spiced Crumbs. To 3/4 cup crisp toast crumbs, add 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/4 teaspoon allspice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/4 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon ginger. Mix well. Work in 3/4 tablespoons melted butter. Line ice cube tray, pressing very firmly with spoon.



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Sunshine Omelet

"Orange rind and juice supply unique flavor"

- Grated rind of 2 oranges
- 4 eggs
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons cream
- 2 tablespoons orange juice
- 1 teaspoon granulated sugar
- Icing sugar
- Orange slices

Preparation: Grate thin outer rind of oranges onto piece of waxed paper, using coarse grater. Put 1 tablespoon margarine or butter in frying pan. Place on low heat.

Method: Beat eggs, add orange rind, salt, cream, orange juice and granulated sugar. Beat together.

Pour into lightly greased, hot frying pan. Cook over low heat. Slip spatula or lifter under edges, then lift pan slightly to allow egg to run underneath. When set, loosen all around edges. Slip lifter underneath. Gently fold omelet over. Lift out on to warm platter. Sprinkle with icing sugar and garnish with orange slices. Yield: 2 to 3 servings.

Peter's Dill Pickles

"Delicately soured—make as you need them"

Choose firm, fresh cucumbers about 3 to 4 inches long. Wash thoroughly in cold water, using a vegetable brush, if necessary, to remove sand from crevices. With sharp knife cut cucumbers once lengthwise to within an inch of the end. Then cut down from the other end the same way only make cut this time so it will be opposite to first cut. This divides the cucumbers into four sections without completely separating the pieces. Having the cucumbers cut this way allows the dill brine to penetrate quickly.

Pack cucumbers into quart jar, filling almost to the top. Add 1 tablespoon pure cooking salt, a bunch of fresh dill tied into a small bundle and a small, hot green pepper. Wrap a slice of white bread (one inch thick) in a piece of cheesecloth. Place in jar. Fill jar with lukewarm water. Cover jar. Set jar in the sun for 3 or 4 days or until the green of the cucumbers turns pale. Taste and if sour enough, put jar in refrigerator. At the end of one week, remove bread and dill from jar.

Note: These pickles can be made as you need them all through the cucumber season. They will not keep for more than three weeks. In Peter's home these dills are served with cold ham or with blue cheese, on rye bread. He recommends them, too, as an accompaniment for Hungarian Goulash, his native version of stew, highly seasoned with paprika. +

What's happened to

Claire Wallace?

Twelve months ago one of Canada's busiest career women disappeared from radio

Read her own story in
September Chatelaine

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CANNING



What to do with extra fruit when canning is finished

Try making pickled fruit. This can be done with peaches, plums. Start with crab apples and pears. Peel pears but leave skin on the others. Wash fruits by stick with cloves. Simmer in syrup (2 cups cider vinegar, 2 cups water, paper, 4 cups brown sugar, 3 thin slices of lemon, 2 sticks cinnamon, ½ tea-cupboar spoon each whole cloves and allspice) until tender. Let stand overnight. enamel. Pack fruit in jars. Fill with strained, reheated syrup. Before pickling. Note: melon rind soak overnight in brine. (¼ cup pure salt to 1 quart vegetable water.) Rinse twice, then proceed as above but do not stick with cloves. No. 220



How to can tomatoes whole yet retain full flavor

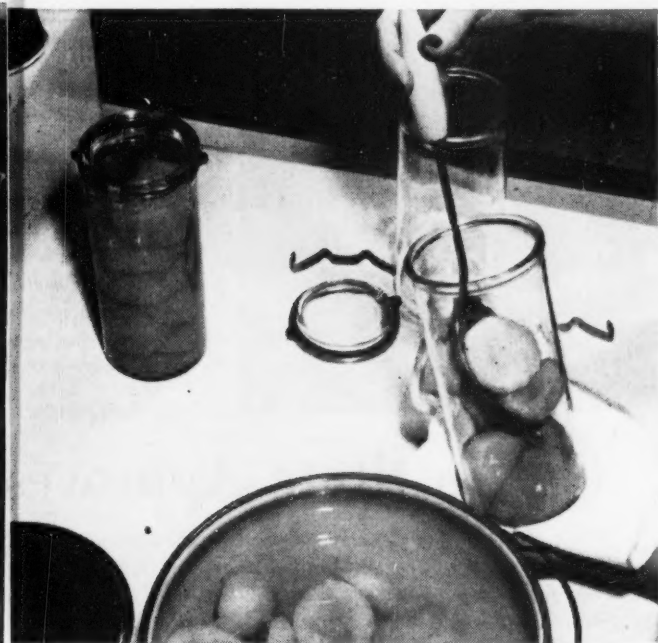
Choose ripe, firm tomatoes of uniform size. Dip in boiling water for 1 minute, then quickly rinse with cold water. Remove skins. Pack tomatoes into jars (wide-mouthed ones, if possible). Fill jars within ½ inch of top with hot tomato juice made from less perfect tomatoes. Add ½ teaspoon salt per jar. Process for 30 minutes, using hot-water bath method. Quartered tomatoes may be canned the way too. A good idea for a more solid pack.



How to prevent canned red fruits from losing color

plums. Start with fully ripe, red fruit. Use cold pack method. Process Wash fruits by water bath method. When cool wrap each jar in heavy brown water, paper, sealing with cellulose tape. Label clearly, then store in cool dark 2 tea-cupboard. Or if you have a can sealing machine, can red fruits in night, enamel-lined cans.

ekling Note: For complete canning directions for all types of fruits and quart vegetables through the season write for Chatelaine Service bulletin gloves, No. 2201, Home Canning of Fruits and Vegetables. Price 10 cents.



How to can large fruit to fit into jars

Precook prepared fruit in boiling syrup for 3 minutes. This shrinks fruit, making it easier to put into jars. Use large, long-handled spoon to lift fruit from syrup into jars. Arrange fruit, cut side down, in jars. Fill to within 1/2 inch of top with the hot syrup. (Wide-mouthed jars are best for large fruits.) When jars are filled, process in water bath for 15 to 20 minutes, depending on size of fruit. For large whole plums prick before precooking to prevent skins from breaking.

The Best Cakes are made with Swans Down

For cakes that are deliciously tender to the very last crumb, expert cake makers depend on Swans Down Cake Flour. They know expensive cake ingredients should not be risked—they get the satisfying results they want for all their baking when they use Swans Down.

The makers of Swans Down Cake Flour have been experts in the making of cake flour for over 50 years. Sifted over and over again, until 27 times as fine as ordinary flour, Swans Down is made expressly to give you better cakes.



ORANGE DREAM CAKE

- 2 1/2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 2 1/2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 1/2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
- 1 tablespoon grated orange rind
- 2 3/4 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs, unbeaten
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- *Milk (see below for amount)

*With butter, margarine, or lard, use 3/4 cup milk. With shortening, use 3/4 cup milk.

• Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt; sift together 3 times. Add lemon and orange rinds to shortening and cream well; add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each. Add flour, alternately with lemon juice, then milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Turn into 2 round 9-inch layer pans, 1 1/2 inches deep, which have been lined on bottoms with paper, then greased. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 20 minutes. Spread a lemon-flavored boiled frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Garnish with orange sections.

GRAND RECIPES for cakes, frostings, cookies, pastries—in "LEARN TO BAKE—YOU'LL LOVE IT". Send 20¢ in coins, with your name and address, to General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ont.

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CAKE TALK

by Frances Barton



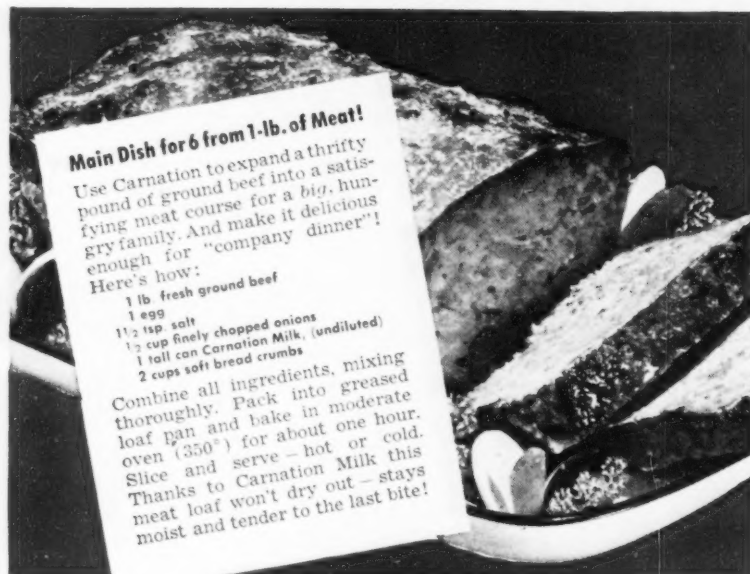
THE method of mixing a cake makes a vast difference to the final results you get. Of course, choosing the best ingredients like Swans Down Cake Flour is very essential, but equally important is it to combine these ingredients properly. And so easy when you get the knack.

In butter-type cakes a beating motion is usually called for. When beating by hand, tilt bowl and lift batter with a vigorous sweeping motion of spoon around bottom, ending with a forceful upward thrust. When using an electric mixer use the low speed of the mixer and beat exactly the length of time specified. Stop the beating now and then to scrape the bowl and beaters so that all the batter comes in contact with the beaters and is thoroughly blended.

This applies also to hand beating.

In angel food and chiffon cakes, egg whites must be incorporated with the other ingredients without losing the air that has been beaten in. Here we use a "folding-in" motion. Cut edge of mixing spoon through mixtures to be combined, cut down, lift up some of the mixture and roll it over—lightly.

from Meat Loaf



Main Dish for 6 from 1-lb. of Meat!

Use Carnation to expand a thrifty pound of ground beef into a satisfying meat course for a big, hungry family. And make it delicious enough for "company dinner"! Here's how:

- 1 lb. fresh ground beef
- 1 egg
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup finely chopped onions
- 1 tall can Carnation Milk, (undiluted)
- 2 cups soft bread crumbs

Combine all ingredients, mixing thoroughly. Pack into greased loaf pan and bake in moderate oven (350°) for about one hour. Slice and serve—hot or cold. Thanks to Carnation Milk this meat loaf won't dry out—stays moist and tender to the last bite!

What a Difference...when you use Milk with Water Removed!

YOU GET EXTRA nourishment — for nothing but water is removed from Carnation Evaporated Milk. It has **double** the food value of ordinary whole milk!

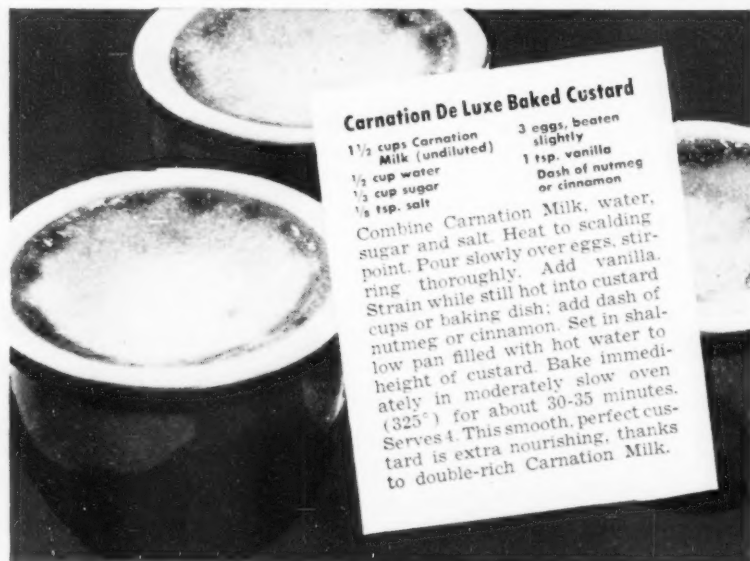
YOU SAVE ON MILK because, even when diluted 50-50 with water, Carnation has all milk's food values with extra smoothness and richer flavor. Carnation is economical.

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"from Contented Cows"



Carnation De Luxe Baked Custard

- 1 1/2 cups Carnation Milk (undiluted)
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 eggs, beaten slightly
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- Dash of nutmeg or cinnamon

Combine Carnation Milk, water, sugar and salt. Heat to scalding, stirring thoroughly. Add vanilla. Strain while still hot into custard cups or baking dish; add dash of nutmeg or cinnamon. Set in shallow pan filled with hot water to height of custard. Bake immediately in moderately slow oven (325°) for about 30-35 minutes. Serves 4. This smooth, perfect custard is extra nourishing, thanks to double-rich Carnation Milk.

to Custard Pudding

Screen Test

Continued from page 21

little things." Kathy blushed. "Every grownup should act like an adult, but sometimes they don't."

"You and Daddy wouldn't get unmarried, ever, would you?" Philip asked.

"Never!" Kathy said firmly. "I should say not! You need never worry about that, Ippy. Your Daddy and I think too much of each other."

Kathy dispatched the two children on their important errand and sat down a minute to think. Her mind ran over the events of the early morning. How disgracefully she had behaved, scolding like a fishwife! It was not the way for a woman of her calibre to act. Silly women like Johnny's mother might presumably yell at their husbands, but not clever, well-educated, poised women like—well, like herself. She would apologize to Jim when he came home. Dear, sweet, lovable Jim! He would understand; he always did.

Kathy remembered a warning Jim's mother had given her in the early married days. Such a silly warning, and given with such a serious air. "Yes, Jim is sweet," she had said, "So sweet and easy to live with that it is hard not to impose upon him. But he's like his father. Don't ever push him too far, Kathy. Sweet people can be terrible." "Just like Mother Barrett, over-anxious and borrowing trouble," Kathy thought with a tolerant smile. She knew Jim better than his mother did.

Kathy was interrupted in the midst

of her good resolutions by Philip. "I came into the kitchen very early," "Mommie," he said, "when we got Johnny's house his daddy was here. We heard them scolding each other."

"We don't have to think about it," "No," he replied obediently. "You couldn't happen to you and Daddy. And suddenly he was sobbing."

He should have been my girl, thought Kathy. Tough little Christy is the boy of this family. How can I give him? "Ippy, I need help. It's past and you can spread the sandwiches for lunch, any kind you like. I opened some tuna fish. And here's Christy. Goodness child, how dirty you are! Go and scrub your hands in the bathroom."

"I don't want to." "No lunch till you do then. I don't like dirty children."

"I do. I like 'em best." Christy's blue eyes, hard and clear, surveyed his mother with the air of an intrepid little kitten arching its back for battle.

"Obey your mother, Christy," said calm voice from the hall door.

Jim came in quietly. "Any chance for a bite of lunch?"

"Aha," thought Kathy. "Good old Jim, coming home to make up. No I'll be gracious and forgiving."

But the lunch was not nice. Jim had nothing to say. Christy insisted upon leaning against him as she ate. Philip eyed both parents anxiously. Kathy's sprightliest remarks fell into a void. Even the sight of the deep apple pie sitting in state on the table roused no enthusiasm. Christy gazed at it critically and looked up at her father



R. H. Bissell, president of Vi-Tone Products Ltd., shows Marie Holmes, Institute director, machine that fills, weighs and seals packages of the fudge mixes.

The Institute Approves

ROWS of plates filled with fudge, vanilla, chocolate and maple. That was the result of the Institute's intensive kitchen project when the three Vi-Tone Fast Fudges were being tested for our Seal of Approval.

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On every package of Vi-Tone Fast Fudge sold today you will see the Chatelaine Seal of Approval. The Seal is there because the product has met the Institute's high standards for reliability.

Philip: "That's not a very good pie."
 "Why not, Chris?"
 "Cause you didn't say, 'Oh boy! What a lolly-pa-looza!'"
 "I must be getting old," said Jim.
 Kathy said, "Now children, go up to your rooms for an hour. You don't have to sleep, you know. But I want you to be quiet, by yourselves."
 "All right," said Philip.
 "I don't want to," said Christy.
 "Of course you don't want to," cried Kathy. "When did you ever want to do anything I tell you? Now don't you dare to jump on your bed, Christy, or I'll come up and spank you."
 The children gone and the door shut, Kathy turned to Jim, still seated at the dinette table. "Well?" she said, smiling. "What's the matter with Ippy?"
 Kathy laughed. "Poor Ippy came up against life this morning. Johnny Davis told him about his parents getting a divorce. Ippy had never heard of such a thing; he was appalled."
 Jim stared down at the table. "He would be, poor baby."
 "Worse than that, he was afraid it might happen to us. Imagine!"
 "Well," said Jim slowly, "I suppose it could, at that."
 "Don't be silly. Of course it couldn't."
 "Why not? We're just people, like everybody else."
 "But we're NOT people like everybody else," said Kathy warmly. "We're educated, balanced, mature persons and we love each other. Don't be sullen, Jim, because I was cross this morning. You know you deserved it and came home for lunch to make things right."
 She leaned over the table and smiled up into Jim's face.
 "As a matter of fact and for your information, I came for my clubs."
 "Isn't it nice that you can take time to play golf, even if you can't manage it to put up screens?"
 "Yes, isn't it?"
 Kathy sat back in her chair, trembling with fury. "Well, I give up!"
 "If I thought you meant that and would come down from the judgment seat for a few minutes, I might tell you a few things." Jim leaned over the table in his turn and Kathy saw that his face was white with some kind of emotion.
 "We finished up with Corwin this morning. You might remember, if you ever condescended to recall anything about my business, that he's a pretty important customer. He wants a golf game before he takes the plane tonight and old J. E. has bursitis. So I'm to take him on at the North End Club."
 "Oh! Well, that's all right then."
 Silence fell for a minute. Suddenly Jim gave a laugh and shook his head.
 "Kathy," he said, "you're a very smart girl. You manage the house beautifully, you're a boss cook, you rip off work easily and do twice as much as most women can in a day. You're little and pretty and clever, you entertain nicely, you have brains and generally a sense of humor, and you're a superior person."
 "But what?" interrupted Kathy.
 "I didn't say 'but'—"
 "No, but you were going to. Nobody ever makes a speech like that without a 'but' on the end of it."
 "Right. I was going to say, but I do wish you would grow up and get wise to your own conceit."
 "Conceit!"
 "It's too bad to have to tell you,

but you are as immature a woman of 32 as I've ever seen. You sit on a throne and issue orders and watch to see that everyone jumps for you."
 "I never heard such talk."
 "No, I don't think you ever did, but you're going to now, for playtime is over, Kathy. You must grow up. The cute kitten is turning into a clawing tabby."
 "Jim, have you been drinking?"
 "You're quicker than I am but not so patient. I am just as smart as you are, and really smarter; for I don't consider my own reactions to be the centre of the universe."
 "Neither do I. You know I don't."
 "Oh, yes, you do. I hear you boast about your children and what you do with them, but I don't think you are doing too good a job. You never study them as individuals. You are trying to make them little automatons, to reflect you."
 "You got that out of a book."
 "No, I've been observing. You are meeting your match with Christy for she is made of the same stuff as you. And I can tell you one thing, you'll never conquer her. Not with orders, you won't! You'll seem to, but as she grows older the antagonism will get worse."
 "I won't listen any longer!"
 "Yes, you will. Keep still. It all comes back to what YOU want, what YOU think, what YOU order. Why, Kathy, the finest, the most mature persons in the world are the ones who can still learn."
 Set face stared at set face across the table. Kathy saw that Jim's eyes were not the eyes of a husband. They were the eyes of a surgeon, keen, appraising, impersonal. How dared he?
 "And I thought all these years that you admired and loved me."
 "I did. I do, or I wouldn't be talking so to you. I wouldn't be giving you this chance—"
 "Chance! Chance of what?"
 "Of staying married to me."
 Kathy gasped. Her eyes narrowed. "You wouldn't dare!" she whispered.
 "Oh no? I've been watching you for some time. Hundreds of things have happened—like last night, for instance. All Eloise Bullitt did was to ask you a simple question about your strawberry jam, and you gave us all, especially Eloise, a nice little lecture on its origin, method, common errors, inferior jam of most people, the superiority of your jam as compared with everybody else's, etc. You never asked her anything about her ideas—"
 "You're hateful. You're mean," cried Kathy, tears of mortification in her eyes. "She asked me."
 "She never will again, I bet you. And you order me, Kathy. You never ask, you tell me. And I've borne it and borne it, and I'm all through. I vowed to myself I'd never touch those screens till you asked me, pleasantly, humanly. But you never did once; you just told me. You decide everything. I know if I even change my own suit you'll comment on it and give your opinion without asking mine. I can't kid you out of things any longer. Lately I've got to thinking that some day I'll walk out on you. But I don't want to, for I'm queer, Kathy. I know that if I ever did walk out I'd never come back."
 "And this is your opinion of me," cried Kathy, striding up and down with quick steps. "And all this time that I



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have been working and planning and helping all I could, you have been thinking nasty, critical thoughts."

Jim stood up. He looked her up and down coolly. He put out his hands and shrugged his shoulders. "Well, at least I tried," he said. Kathy heard him sigh.

He walked through the kitchen and out to the hall. He was fumbling in the closet for his clubs. Rage and fear drove her to follow him, to stand rigidly watching as he picked up the heavy bag and threw the strap over his shoulder. At the front door he paused and looked back. "Good-by, Kathy."

Kathy did not answer. Her mind was whirling with fury and resentment. She knew that if she spoke at all she would scream at him. Even after the sound of Jim's car had died away she stood stiff and straight, staring fixedly through the open front door.

Gradually to her senses came a muffled sound from overhead—Christy jumping on her bed again!

Kathy sped upstairs with the speed of light. She flung open Christy's door. Christy paused in mid-air, turned like an acrobat and dived under her bed. All the restrained emotion of the past hour burst out in Kathy's voice.

"Come out from there," she shrieked. "I'm going to give you the spanking of your life! Come out, do you hear?"

Philip suddenly appeared in the doorway. "Oh Mommie! Oh Mommie!"

Kathy stooped and pawed blindly under the bed. "Come out, I tell you."

Philip, pulled at her dress. "Oh Mommie, don't! Please don't!"

Kathy looked up. She saw the fright and bewilderment in his face. With a great effort she rose and sat down on the little bed.

"Ippy," she said severely, "Christy needs to be punished. She is a naughty, stubborn child. She disobeys me constantly. It is hard for a mother to have a child like that."

Philip burst into tears. "It's hard for Christy, too," he sobbed.

THE ROOM was suddenly very still. Kathy sat motionless, staring at her little son.

Suddenly she swept him into her arms. "Ippy, you have just said a great thing. Maybe in all your life you will never say anything wiser."

Philip's eyes widened.

Kathy's voice grew warm, sweet, confidential. "You know, Ippy, this hasn't been a very happy day, so far. You have heard about divorce from Johnny. Christy has been naughty about jumping, and I've been naughty too. I guess you heard me scolding Daddy about not doing the screens this morning. I was very wrong."

"Can Mommies be naughty?" Philip's face was full of astonishment. From the corner of her eye Kathy saw Christy's round head rising cautiously.

"Yes, they can. The only thing I see to do about it is this: I'll forgive Christy so she can be a good girl. And when Daddy comes home tonight I'll ask him to forgive me so I can be good."

Christy climbed onto the bed and crawled slowly toward them. Her eyes were wide and wary. Kathy gave her a friendly smile. The child came into the circle of the welcoming arm and laid her head against her mother's shoulder. She drew a long quivering sigh. "I'll be a good girl," she said.

"And I'll be a good Mommie," said

Kathy. "We'll both be just wonderful, won't we?"

At six o'clock, dinner was ready. The children were blooming in clean fresh clothes. Kathy had put on a crisp cotton dress in Jim's favorite shade of blue. The screens had been washed and scrubbed. Some had already been hooked into place. Other rebellious ones had been left leaning against their windows, awaiting Jim's more muscular persuasion. The one Christy had put her foot through had been banished to the back porch. In Kathy's mind was the happy memory of a job well done; a job that had taken three hours instead of one while little blundering fingers "helped" and little tongues wagged happily along. Philip had "taken charge" with proud efficiency. Kathy and Christy had obeyed orders, and every time Christy's glance met Kathy's she had smiled. The tears had come to Kathy as she watched her, so relaxed, so happy, so relieved. "If adults were only as forgiving as children," she thought.

It seemed a long time before Jim's car stopped at the curb. The golf game must have tired him for his shoulders sagged as he came up the front steps and into the hall. The children leaped out at him, banging against the bag of clubs. "Surprise. Surprise," they yelled. "We washed the screens for you. We put 'em up. Aren't you glad?"

"I bossed the job," boasted Philip.

"I only busted one screen," bragged Christy. "Say it, Mommie."

"Yes, say it," said Philip anxiously.

Kathy stood in front of Jim. She folded her hands like a child and looked up. "I was very cross this morning," she said. "I was very bad. Will you forgive me?"

Jim raised indifferent brows. "Oh, yes, indeed."

The children, satisfied, ran out into the yard. Kathy stood uncertainly near Jim, trying to swallow the lump in her throat. "I mean, really forgive."

"You aren't trying to tell me I've convinced you about anything?"

Kathy found her voice. "Yes, I am. I'm trying to tell you that you were right and I was wrong. Something Philip said showed it to me. I'm a self-willed conceited autoer at with the best of intentions, and the lord knows whether I can ever change. But I'm not going to lose your love without a fight, you can bet on that."

"Do you really mean that, Kathy?"

"Of course I mean it. I mean every word. I love you, and at least I see what I am. When I forget it, just yell 'screens' at me, and I'll change."

Jim looked down at her thoughtfully. "I don't think I'm unreasonable in what I ask. A man wants a real place in his own home, you know, even if he is full of faults."

"The only fault you've ever had is in spoiling me," Kathy said. She drew his head down and pressed close to him.

The old grandfather clock behind them suddenly whirled and struck. Like a well-drilled soldier Kathy sprang to attention. "Half-past-six already! I'll need 15 minutes to get dinner on. Jim, I think you could finish the screens in that time."

Jim opened his mouth wide. "Screens!" he shouted at the top of his voice.

"Good heavens," gasped Kathy. She cast a wild glance upward. Jim was laughing. "Good heavens," she echoed and buried her head on his shoulder. +

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The Wonderful Year

Continued from page 9

after one, do you hear, young lady? What on earth do you do with your allowance? Why don't you just once in a while crack a book?"

Margo mashed out her cigarette and opened her lipstick. As she held it poised to her lips, she added, "And don't forget that after all the preaching they come in half-stinko themselves Saturday nights."

Linda was shocked. She couldn't even imagine talking like that. It would be like—well, like swearing. She opened her mouth to protest that her folks weren't like that, really they weren't. But she remembered how new she still was and closed it, feeling cowardly and disloyal.

The feeling nagged her and after a minute she said rather shyly, "Maybe it's because we've been by ourselves so much, but in our family we're close. Daddy never crabs at me."

"She still calls him Daddy," Margo's lush voice commented around the lipstick. It was like saying, "She still plays dolls."

Linda felt a thick blush spread over her face (the silly round thing with its pale red hair, green eyes, snub nose, and dusting of freckles—"just not an interesting face at all," she deplored every time she inspected it). She hated blushing. It simply ticketed you as young and undeveloped. This one was a dilly. She could feel it move right up to the roots of her hair and down into her blouse.

Nancy giggled. "You're a panic when you're flustered."

"They think I'm funny," Linda worried. "I'll have to watch myself closer."

Then Lois, bless her, came to the rescue. "Don't let them kid you. We stopped saying it ourselves just last year." She fished out a dime, put on her jacket, and announced, "Hour's struck, pets. Mom made me promise to clean up my room before dinner."

They all went out together and sauntered along through the sunshine to the corner where Margo and Nancy turned off. Linda always hated to have them go and yet was somehow a little relieved. With Lois you didn't have to sprain yourself being sharp.

Three scarlet maple leaves floated down ahead of her and she was suddenly so happy again that she broke into a little couple-dance which she had been teaching Lois. Dancing was one kind of lesson you could take wherever you were. A year in one studio, six months in another, what did it matter? It was her one real accomplishment—like Margo's voice and Nancy's cleverness with a pencil. And a good one. Even if a girl did have a round face and insipid hair and not much shape yet, if she could really dance, she could have friends—and a big date set for Friday night. She caught Lois' hand and dragged her laughing into a heel-and-toe around the three leaves.

The minute they turned the corner and could see their houses her happiness zoomed right on up into joy. Her father was reading by the front window. Daddy—she caught herself and turned the alternatives over in her mind—"Pops," "Father," "Dad," none of them sounded right—Anyway he was home a day early from his trip. They would have a regular dinner and the house would lose the lonesome, amputated feeling that affected even Tony the Terror.

"You're really so glad to see him?" Lois asked curiously.

"He's quite a guy!" she thrilled.

He was, too. Big and dark ("Why did I have to be a sandy, like mother?") with strong cheekbones and eyes that could bore into you if you fell below his expectations or light up proudly when you turned in a good performance of some kind. Strong, square hand to let you know he came from the country and worked his way through his engineering course. A steady confident voice and a manner that would let him look a general manager in the eye and show him how to get 15% more out of a factory. Silent and pulled into himself sometimes in a way that made you uncomfortable

until you remembered that a layout was probably proving tough. But usually ready for fun and thinking you're tops instead of oppressing you the way the other girls' fathers do them. Much more exciting than Mother, who was all right in her way, comfortable and sort of droll, but

nothing much to look at, in fact practically dumpy, nobody to keep you on your toes.

She was so glad he was home that she forgot something entirely.

Leaving Lois with an abrupt "See you in the morning," she galloped across the crackling, leaf-strewn lawn without pausing even for a proper response to Tony the Terror's leaping welcome. As she flung open the door she saw her father drop the evening paper and start toward her. Not until he had swung her up in his special bear-hug did she remember.

Almost at the same instant he set her down and straightened back.

"YOU'VE BEEN smoking, Linda."

There was no time to think. Absolutely none.

"No, Daddy," she protested.

"Then how—?" His eyes searched hers relentlessly.

"The others were smoking in the booth at the drugstore," she faltered.

"Girls?"

She could have died. He might want her to stop going around with them.

"They're very nice girls, Daddy."

"Nice?"

She knew she ought to let it drop, but the same loyalty which had driven her to defend him to them now pushed her again.

"They're wonderful girls. They really are. The most outstanding girls in the class," she pleaded, trying to meet his eyes.

"Was Lois in the group?"

"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS."

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Not Lois—she simply couldn't give her up. She threw a beseeching look at her mother, who had come into the hall. She went a step deeper. "No, not Lois," she said.

She wasn't putting it over, she knew. She hadn't had enough practice in lying. Falsehood was probably sticking out all over her, oozing right out of her.

Suddenly his hand reached out and with one quick motion snapped open her bag. The half-empty pack lay right on top of the jumble.

He closed the bag and looked at her. Just looked at her, for what seemed like a week. With a scorn that absolutely shriveled her. Then he turned and went back to the living room.

She took a step toward him but realized she was going to cry and fled to her room instead. "A good case needs no sniffing," he had begun to teach her when she was six.

When she had cried off the first shock, the urgency of her need to appraise the situation made her mop up her eyes and try to think. She found it very hard to do. Nothing would seem to sort out, except that she had been caught sneaking and then lying to cover it. She tried to think how and why it had happened, but didn't get far. Neither of her parents smoked, but so far as she could remember, neither of them had ever said a word to her about it. It was just something that had never come up. Yet the minute it did come up, out popped the lies.

Neither could she think forward clearly to what she would do. Except, of course, to say she was sorry about sneaking and lying. That she could honestly say.

But suppose he wants me to promise not to do it any more! That would queer me with the girls.

Or what if he tells me to stop being with them!

The very thought threw her into a panic which stopped all thought.

After a long while, when she could tell from the smells that dinner was nearly ready, she made herself put on a fresh dress and make-up and brush her hair until it shone the way he liked it. He hated untidiness at the table. It had been a shock to find that Lois often dined in T-shirt, jeans, and beat-up mocs.

She went downstairs pushing one foot ahead of the other, like going to the dentist. Her father was out in the back yard raking up some of the tumbled oak leaves. Her mother was standing by the stove, sliding what were to be French fries into a kettle of deep fat, looking as casual and undramatic as if she never heard of such a thing as a Crisis.

"Mother," Linda said thickly, "I'm so ashamed I could die."

The green eyes, so exactly like Linda's, studied her for an instant and crinkled. The next instant Linda was warm in her arms and the stupid tears were starting up again.

Her mother noticed them and broke the embrace. "Turn the steak at six," she directed matter-of-factly, "and I'll probably smack you good if you let the potatoes get too brown."

A little later Linda heard her father come through the front door and go upstairs to clean up. Other nights he would have sauntered through the kitchen and clapped her on the back, making a great fuss about green cooks and sugared potatoes, letting her know

he was fit to burst with pride because she could finish off a meal. But she was rather glad to have him go up the front hall. It put off the moment of meeting.

Sometimes she was a little careless in the way she set the table. Tonight she got out the prettiest mats and rearranged the rose bowl three times.

When she heard his step on the stairway her heart began to pound. As he took his place at the table she looked at him imploringly, but he seemed so remote that she couldn't say the words she had been rehearsing.

The meal was just grisly. Her father talked to her mother about his trip but didn't even look at her, though her mother tried occasionally to bring her into the conversation. The steak looked wonderful but in her dry mouth had no more taste than cardboard. By the time she got to the ice cream she couldn't eat. Her father left some of his, too.

Just before the end Linda finally got up the courage.

"I'm sorry, Daddy."

His fine black eyes turned on her and she felt frozen.

"I'm terribly ashamed of lying to you," she pleaded.

The eyes kept on probing. She was afraid he was asking her to promise and she was afraid to find out for sure.

After a painful silence he turned from her, saying, "I think, Flo, that perhaps I'd better go down to the office for a while."

THE SOUND of the car backing down the driveway was awful. He had gone off without forgiving her. She would have to endure this horrible lost feeling for hours.

She helped with the dishes and went up to do her homework. Around nine she turned down the radio so that she could hear the car and go out to meet him.

An hour later her mother put her head through the door to advise, "Better give up the vigil, Baby. It may be hours yet."

After she had been in bed a long time she heard him come in and go directly to his room. Finally she fell asleep and into a dream of being a little girl again, four or five years old perhaps. She had done something very wrong, though the dream wasn't clear as to what it was. She was lost and bad and something terrible was about to happen. Finally she found her father and threw herself weeping into his arms. But as she touched him, he changed into a statue in the park. She fell away bruised from the hard metal, and her nose began bleeding. She tried to wipe the warm sticky stuff away but it kept on coming down her face and dress.

When she woke up she was afraid to go back to sleep. There was something peculiarly horrible about the dream, something she didn't understand and couldn't risk again.

As she had feared, she had to leave for school before he was up. It was nothing unusual, for when he had worked late she often missed him. Nevertheless, she hung around till the last minute.

Finally she asked, "Did he say anything to you about it?"

"A little," her mother replied, trying, according to the code, to keep out of it.

"What did he say?"

"That he doesn't mind the smoking so much as the deceit. He's a stickler for honesty, you know."

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Linda nodded miserably. She did know. And yet in some shameful way she felt better. If it really wasn't the smoking, there wouldn't be any question about her going on with the crowd. Or to the party.

When she heard Lois' whistle out front she had to leave and try to cover up and be gay. She had also to face the problem of what to do when the cokes were over at the drugstore tonight. She didn't feel free to go ahead smoking while things were still up in the air this way. But if she didn't, the girls would want to know why and after her bragging what could she tell them that wouldn't sound either babyish or stuffy? Sophisticated girls like them had no time for babies or stodgies—she knew because she had heard them talk about both kinds of girls. They might not want her at the party, even if her father let her go.

"What's the matter with you this morning?" Lois asked after a couple of blocks. "You look positively poohed."

The words went in with a stab. She wasn't putting the gay act over. Apparently she couldn't put anything over on anybody. That settled it. She couldn't take a chance on going to the drugstore.

"Sleepy, I guess," she said smartly. "We had to celebrate the prodigal papa's return last night."

"Are all families who move around a lot close like yours?" Lois asked enviously.

"I wouldn't know about other families," Linda replied, trying to change the subject without sounding short. "But speaking of families makes me think," she added a little too fast and not very connectedly, "Mother wants me to meet her for some shopping after school. So I can't come home with the gang."

It was a long day when she might as well have been in Africa for all she learned about solid geometry and French. In history class she thought of something which completely panicked her. What if her mother should be out and come trailing in just as Lois got home! Her father had caught her lying to him—it would be too utterly awful if the girls should catch her too.

The instant the closing bell rang she dashed out and caught a bus going toward town. A half mile down the way she changed to one going back home and ran the half block to her own door. When she saw that it was closed, her heart sank another story or two. But oh joy, the handle turned.

"Up here," her mother called from the second floor.

Enormously relieved, Linda went upstairs to find her putting the last length of white ruffling over the edges of the shelf liners in the linen closet. Her hair was tied up in a faded scarf, her nose shining, and her face the rich pink that sandy-haired people take on when they are completely occupied.

She put in the last tack and stepped back to survey results. "There!" she exclaimed. "I've always wanted to put a linen closet into pantalets and now I've done it."

Linda eyed her with a touch of exasperation. Couldn't the woman see that stark tragedy was raging in her family?

"She just has to help me," Linda thought desperately. "She just has to show me how to get right with him."

"Margo's having a party Friday night, mother."

"Why, how nice! And you've got a new dress all ready for it."

"It's for her cousin who'll be visiting from college. She says he's a wonderful dancer and she's saving him for me." Linda paused to let this sink in and added tautly, "So you see, I just have to get things straightened out with Daddy."

"You'll find a way, honey, I'm sure." The tone was encouraging and supporting, but strictly unperturbed and non-instructive.

Linda sighed and gave it up. You simply had to accept it. Mother was an emotional lightweight, not deep and intense like the rest of the family.

In her own room Linda soon discovered that she was too jumpy to study. The radio wasn't any good—it simply reeked with soap operas and she had troubles enough of her own. Finally she picked up her father's picture and studied it yearningly. He was so handsome. A man people noticed and deferred to. It had always made her feel important just to be his daughter. And now she had made him ashamed of her.

As the moment for his arrival drew near time stopped dragging and began to spin until she felt breathless. She was arranging the salads when she heard his step on the porch. Tonight, she had decided, she wouldn't wait. She would let him know at once how lost and sorry she was. She went into the hall to meet him.

"Hello, daddy." Her voice trembled. For an instant she thought he was not going to answer. Then he said, "Hello, Linda." But in a tone that blocked her off.

He moved past her and once more spread up the paper like a solid wall between them. She understood that she had been dismissed and slowly returned to her salads. Surely after dinner—

It was another dismal meal. When at last it was over she tried again.

"Daddy," she begged, "couldn't we talk about it a little?"

"Is there anything to talk about?"

"Oh yes! Ever so much!"

She saw his hand tense and felt him hesitate. For a blessed instant she thought he was going to talk.

"I'm sorry I deceived you."

"It's easy to be sorry when one has been caught, Linda." Very formally.

This time she knew for certain that his probing eyes were asking what she was going to do about it. But if she promised, she could never explain it to the girls without running the risk of losing them.

Under his asking gaze her eyes fell. "Please forgive me, Daddy."

He waited a little longer and then went out to the garden.

That evening she left the door to her room ajar, just in case. Study was impossible. The words swam on the page and joggled leeringly into each other. In addition to all her other troubles, time began to bother acutely. Today was Wednesday. Friday night was right on her. When, presently, she stopped trying to study and put her head down on her arms, the sound of her watch under her ear was fearsome. Time was clanking out, second by second, against her.

The door pushed open, and she had a wild flash of hope which died with the

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clicking of toenails on the bare floor. She didn't even lift her head. Tony came on over and put his paws up into her lap. She pushed him aside and he sat back in blank astonishment. But a half-grown wire-hair is not easily deterred from his purposes. He swooped forward and began to tug at her shoe lace, demanding a romp. Annoyed with his persistence, she cuffed him.

With an unbelieving yelp he retreated to the far side of the room. When she stole a look at him he was sitting on dejected haunches, regarding her from slanted head and sorrowful eyes. The sight was too much for her—she knew just how he was feeling. She rushed across and, hugging him close, murmured her contrition. Instantly he was all a-wiggle.

"Lucky Tony," she thought "you're soon forgiven."

Trying to fend off the adoring tongue, she thought, Daddy ought to forgive me this way and not keep me on hooks.

The thought did her good, somehow, and rather timidly she pursued it. At least he ought to be willing to talk about it.

Tony subsided and dropped his bristly head into her lap. As she stroked it to keep him quiet, she went on with the thought. He's trying to punish me, she saw suddenly. That's what he's doing. He wants me to be so unhappy I won't ever do it again. So he shuts himself off and won't talk until I promise to do what he wants.

He's behaving badly. Like a sulky child.

THE THOUGHT came to her with a stunning shock. He was like the other girls' fathers after all, not strong and practically perfect as she had always thought.

The pinnacle on which she had set him cracked and he tumbled down to her own size. In her anger he kept on shrinking until she towered above him. She was Linda, her own girl, not his little girl any more. She could do as she liked and he couldn't really do anything about it.

The feeling was magnificent, though somewhat frightening. Linda. Her own girl. Boss of herself. No longer a child saying, "Yes, Daddy."

Into her sense of hugeness and power came another indictment.

"I deceived him. But he kids himself. It wasn't really the sneaking and lying that got him. He just doesn't want me to smoke and he's afraid the girls are a bad influence on me."

She pushed Tony aside and got up to move angrily around the room.

"He had no right to look in my purse. A girl's purse is private, like her diary. He showed me up. I can show him up, so he'll have to see he's lying to himself. I'll do it too. Tomorrow night after dinner. I'll have the package and matches in my pocket and right after dinner I'll show him. I'll go to the drugstore, too. The girls are better than he is. They don't go around kidding themselves and punishing people."

All the next day her anger buoyed her. During the morning she could almost pay attention to what the teachers were saying, but by afternoon she hadn't any mind for anything but what lay ahead. A hundred times she assured herself: "I'm going to do it. Right after dinner. And I'm going to the party. He can't stop me."

If she found herself feeling twittersy,

she pumped up her anger again. It was easy. All she had to do was think, "Opening my purse, punishing me as if I were six, kidding himself." Every time she came over the list she felt capable of just anything.

Nevertheless, it was a relief to find that Margo and Nancy had to stay after school to a meeting of the Pep Club and Lois was caught in a Drama Club try-out. As she walked home, she found she was having to pump harder. But still she knew she was going to do it.

Her mother was out in the garden surrounded by clay pots, a box of leaf mold, a bag of sand, and a garden book open at potting instructions.

"Come and hold the book on me while I learn to pot," she invited.

In spite of herself Linda found she was becoming interested. When the begonia slips were finished, she asked to help with the coleus. Sifting the soil mixture in around the tender white roots, it occurred to her that perhaps she ought to tell what she was planning to do. So it wouldn't come as a shock.

"I'm not going to beg Daddy any more," she stated, crumbling in another handful of leaf mold.

"So?"

"I've been thinking it over, and I'm through crawling. Maybe I did sneak and lie, but so did he."

"How do you mean?"

"Opening my purse was a kind of sneaking. And saying that what he minded was my deceit was lying to himself. That's not what's eating him."

Her mother threw her a startled look.

"What he really minds," Linda went on fiercely, "is the smoking. And my having friends he doesn't know and is afraid of. Well, I'm going to show him up the way he did me. Tonight after dinner I'm going to light up. Then he'll have to see he's been kidding himself."

Florence Andrews laid aside her trowel and sat down on the bench. She looked so upset that Linda thought unbelievably, she's going to break the code. Well, it's high time she learned the time of day around here.

"You're growing up, Linda."

"It's about time I grew up enough to see through him, instead of going on like a dope thinking him practically super-human."

"Understanding people is more than seeing through them."

"Really, mother, I'm not in a mood for riddles."

"I'll have to spell it out then. Tell me, do you remember your Grandmother and Grandfather Andrews from that time you spent with them the year before they died?"

"A little. They were old."

"Your father came late in their lives. What else do you remember?"

"Grandmother was thin and dried-up and always working. I couldn't even put away my dolls to please her completely," Linda said cautiously, wondering where all this was leading and resolving not to be talked out of her plan.

"And your grandfather?"

"I liked his stories."

"Anything else about him?"

Linda thought a minute. "He had a smelly old pipe that Grandmother hated. Sometimes he was sick and I couldn't go into his room. Then Grandmother would be cross with him instead of sympathetic."

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"You're old enough now to know that he was drunk at those times. That your father grew up despising him and the slack way he ran the farm. It's a dreadful thing—a crippling thing—for a child to have parents who don't like each other. Siding with his mother in all the wrangling, he naturally developed some of her attitudes."

Linda stopped working and sat down beside her mother. This was certainly a new slant on things. Like all of today's young, she had imbibed psychology with her stories and movies. She could interpret. Also, now that her mother was talking, she could ask a question which had been burning on her tongue for two days.

"Did he ever treat you the way he's been treating me?"

"I came from a happy-go-lucky family on whom life sat easily. With another man I could have been pretty frivolous. As it was," her mother's eyes crinkled in amused memory, "our first year was what you and Lois would call hectic. Once I had about decided to leave him. Then we discovered that you were on the way, and that bashed some sense into both of us. He learned to put up with me, and I learned not to want to hurt a fine person who's already been crippled from too much hurting."

"I see," Linda said faintly.

She didn't see all of it, she was sure. But some of it. More than she could take in all at once. Her mother, not her father, was the star in a drama which had gone on unseen under Linda's eyes all these years. She had evaded the question, but Linda saw that she too had come up against his disapproval and had him turn from her cold-faced and silent. Yet, while remaining strictly herself, she respected him and loved him tenderly.

"You mean you don't think I should show him up?"

Her mother picked up her trowel and went prosaically back to work. "That's for you to decide, of course. But I wouldn't rush things. This is a crisis for him too, you know."

"I have to rush. The party's tomorrow night."

"You think you're all of a sudden grown up. Actually, you're still very young, even for your age."

That got Linda's back up again. "What makes you think so?" she asked.

"You show it in the way you still have to have approval. Up till now you've shaped your every move to please him. Now suddenly you're angry with him and all you can think of is pleasing the girls. Growing up means finding one's own style, Linda."

"But I can't have them drop me. I simply can't."

"I know you can't. That's what I'm talking about."

When the last plant was in place, Linda took Tony for a walk. She wanted to be alone and think.

But Tony's curiosity, which sent him snuffling into every heap of leaves, and his jaunty pursuit of his own concerns distracted her. When he made a rush at a likely cat, she called him back sharply. He obeyed, but returned to heel so unrepentant-looking that she had to laugh. The very cock of his head said, "I like you, but I certainly think you're being much too tragic about this."

The laugh petered out. "Why, that's the very attitude Mother takes toward Daddy and me!" she thought.

Much excited, Linda followed the idea through. That was how she managed to make a good marriage out of one that might have gone blooey and left me without a father like all the divorce kids we saw around hotels. That's exactly how she did it! She lets you know she likes you, but she doesn't bear down heavily on you and she won't let you get too tragic with her. She has her own style and she lets other people have theirs. And while hers wouldn't ever stop any shows, it makes her so comfortable that nobody ever has to stew around trying to please her. Her touch is light. That's how she managed to make a good husband and father of Daddy. And he has been a good father, right up to this week.

By the time Linda was home she was a little ashamed of all the agonizing of the past two days. By the time she had finished sprucing up for dinner a plan was glimmering.

TONIGHT WHEN she heard his step on the porch she did not go running with entreaty written all over her. Instead, she called from the kitchen door, "Hi there, Pops!" As she expected, he answered distantly. She was surprised to find that she didn't have to let it throw her.

The meal was strained of course, but definitely better than its predecessors. The fact that she could reinforce her mother's attempt at talk-as-usual made a difference. Her father never replied directly to her comments, but she thought he was aware of the change in her and somewhat disconcerted by it. The observation encouraged her.

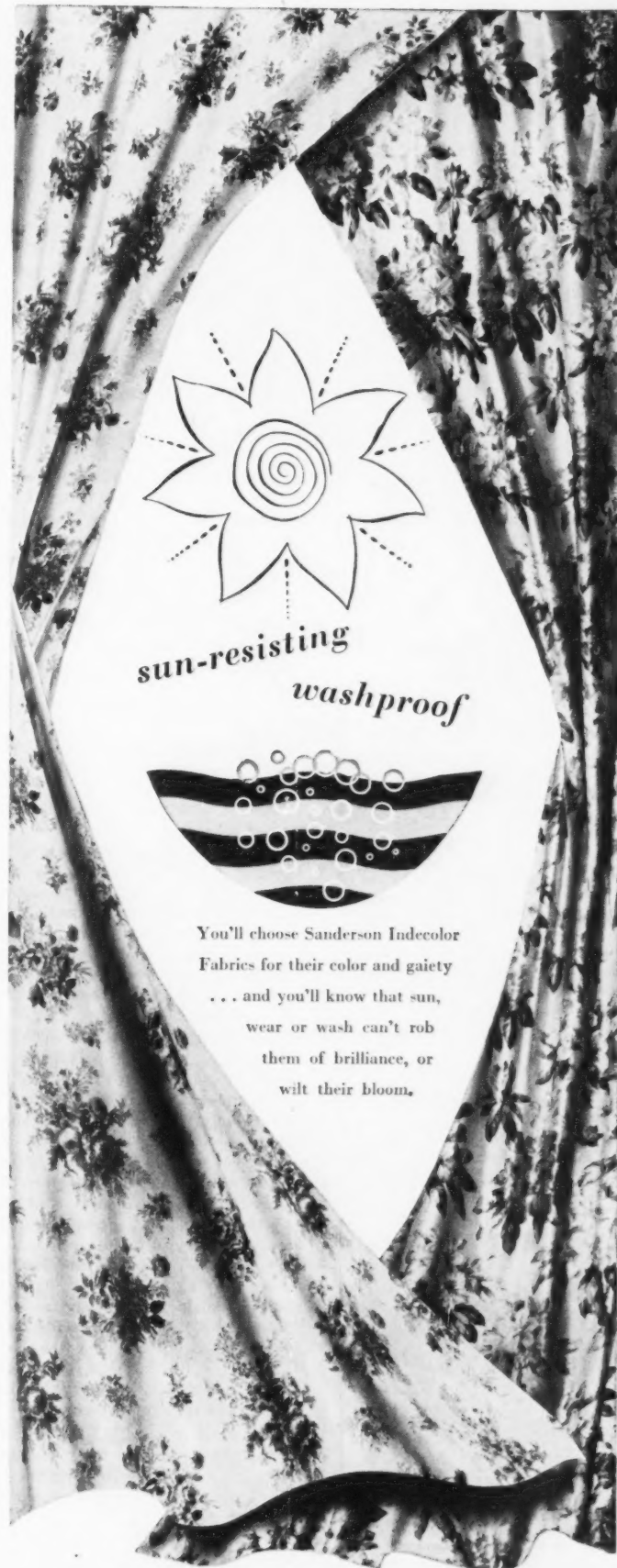
When the dishes were over and her parents were settled with their books, she ran up to her room. First she fished out two old popular records from the voluminous overflow collection her father made her keep with a small player in her own room. Then she played them through softly, so as to get the music back into her head. Then she put on her new evening dress and plenty of make-up. Finally, she gave her hair a swift brushing up into a high, grown-up swirl and anchored it with enough bobbies to take it through a tornado.

With the records under her arm and her heart clattering wildly, she went downstairs. Pretending not to see the startled looks her appearance created, she arranged the records on the changer and turned the switch.

With the first familiar note she began to dance, slowly and meditatively. In another moment the singer's warm voice picked up the sentimental, "You Can't Hold On to Time." At times the words weren't appropriate, but the refrain repeated so often that the effect was all right, she thought. Back and forth, around and around she moved, using a routine she had learned in a modern dance class last year. As she wheeled and dipped, she began to feel the ancient human sadness about time. She improvised a little, trying to make her whole body express the youthful hunger and wistfulness which the triteness of the lyrics kept them from saying. It was a corny performance, she knew, but somehow she felt it, and from the look on her father's face she knew he was moved.

The record changer whirled and she braced herself. Her father would either laugh or be angrier than ever.

He had a good musical memory. Before Sammy Kaye was through with



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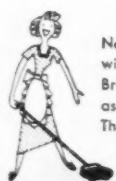


So does Meg's...

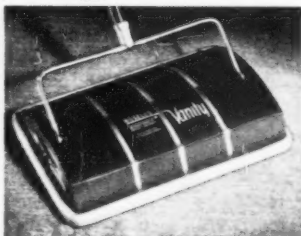
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the first phrase she saw that the tune was recognized—and resented. But it was too late to back out.

She had already pushed her hair into an impudent tilt above her ears. Now she lifted her nose and chin saucily and began to tap. Presently Betty Barclay took up the words the family had all laughed at back when Linda was only 12, and the words could be funny:

Me and my childhood sweetheart
Have come to the parting of the ways.
He still treats me like he did in my
babyhood,
I'm a little bit older-er, a little bit
bold-er,
I'm a little more hap-pee.
Something new had been add-ed,
I'm a big girl na-ow! *

At the end of the third line she stopped tapping and began to fling herself around in unabashed pantomime of the words and the ninth-graders in the drugstore. Only much exaggerated, of course. Practically clowning.

At the end of the first stanza she broke again and slipped into a snatch of comic routine that she remembered, all the time making her haughty face and shoulders satirize herself for the predicament she—and time—had got the family into.

Through it all her father sat stiff and bleak.

"It's no good," she moaned to herself. "He won't let himself see it's a joke on both of us."

But she couldn't stop. She had to go on if it killed her.

Just as she had completely given up hope, it began to happen. A smile flickered around his lips, though he wiped it off instantly. Encouraged, she sent into a more absurd posturing. With the final raucous "I'm a big girl na-ow" she set her hands on her hips, shook herself, leaped high and came down in a mighty stamp.

That did it.

At the first sound of his laughter she gave a whooping leap that landed her in his lap. His arms closed around her and the next instant she was babbling about the party and the date Margo was getting her and how she herself wanted to have a party soon so that he could see for himself what simply wonderful girls they were. Not begging, just telling him.

During the outpouring she had the feeling that he was looking helplessly over her shoulder toward her mother.

Florence Andrews did not fail them. In her light, bell-like voice she said, "I've been telling her that the test of a big girl is not inches or years but how well she can stand on her own feet."

He looked relieved. "That's right, Linda. Philosophically and practically right. It's going to be hard on me, but I'll try to keep hands off while you prove you're a big girl."

THE NEXT day was an absolute tizzy. Between every class there were hurried conferences with one or the other of the girls. He would get in at two o'clock, Margo said anxiously, and might come on up to school and, Golly Moses, she was scared stiff for fear he'd think they were just a bunch of gooky high-school kids. Nancy was fabricating a new dress,

five thousand tucks and a mile around the bottom if an inch and heaven only knew whether she'd have it done in time. Lois had a new date, a senior and a gorgeous George if you ever saw one, and she'd have to wash her hair and give herself a manicure and did Linda think she'd ever, ever get it all done. Yahtita, yahtita.

Linda listened to them all and sympathized with them, feeling empty inside. Her own problem she couldn't possibly lay before them. She still didn't know what she was going to do.

As the hours narrowed she was strung tighter and tighter.

And then suddenly school was over and they were all on the broad front steps. The cousin was there, and he was everything that Margo had said. Everything and more. A college man. Her first heavy date. She lifted her eyes shyly and tried to remember all the Betty Betz she had been soaking up.

A swift consultation decided that there was time enough for cokes, and they all trooped on to the drugstore, where the four of them squeezed into their regular booth and the cousin brought a chair to the end of the table. Once again the little ninth graders were throwing themselves around up front and the seniors sitting aloof in the far booths. But it wasn't the same. Something was different.

At first Linda couldn't figure out what it was. Then she realized that it was the girls. They were playing up to Him. Trying to impress him. They were trying to seem ever-so-natural and just-us-girls, but they laid everything on a shade too thick, she decided. She even thought he was a little amused with them.

Why, they weren't sophisticated and sure of themselves after all! They were like her, still fumbling. Feeling their way. Trying to make themselves feel more certain by mimicking movie stars and older friends.

Afterward, she realized that it was then that she made her decision.

The cokes came and were consumed. The moment she had been dreading for three days was upon her. Margo opened her bag. Nancy and Lois followed suit and the cousin produced a lighted match. Linda was now almost positive that he looked amused.

After the first long drag Margo asked in surprise, "You off, Linda?"

This was it. Maybe they'd never invite her again. Maybe they'd just write her off as a creep. Give me the light touch.

"Um-hum," she laughed and was pleased at how tinkly and unconcerned her voice sounded. "I just now passed a resolution."

She felt the girls emit a collective gasp. She saw the cousin take in the situation. She saw the girls turn their eyes toward him and knew they would take their cue from him. She met his eyes.

He was, she realized deliriously, looking at her as if she were somebody actually interesting, not just a pal of his kid cousin's.

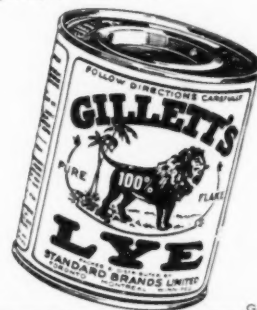
Lois picked up the cue. "Well, anyway," she giggled, "it will be a help on your allowance."

The moment passed and Linda knew that she was still in. Solidier than before. It was going to be a more wonderful year than she had been old enough to realize three days ago. +

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Wishing won't make it flow—and nor will that old fashioned plunger! Just pour in 3 tablespoons of full-strength Gillett's. It cuts that clogging, greasy mess right out of your sink drain, frees the blockage in a hurry! Gillett's is also a grand cleanser and deodorizer. Digs out grime—in dirt; removes toilet stains in a jiffy; leaves everything you use it on fresh-smelling and sanitary. Get Gillett's to lighten your housework!



**"Why don't you
try Paradol?"**



Don't Miss Out on good times and stay home *indisposed*... when Paradol helps to relieve periodic pains so quickly! No disagreeable let-down or after-effects. Scientifically-compounded from 4 ingredients—Paradol brings fast relief for headaches, too. Try Paradol—the name "Dr. Chase" is your assurance.

**DR. CHASE'S
PARADOL**

Quick Relief from Pain



**A RECIPE YOU'RE
SURE TO ENJOY**

Use Paris Pâté as a base—Add one hard-boiled egg, chopped onion and pickles, and cream mix with mayonnaise... 1 tin of Paris Pâté makes half a loaf of sandwiches!

PARIS-PÂTÉ
PARIS BRAND—MEAT PATTY

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To Buy or Rent

Continued from page 18

you so that they can raise the rent. "Freedom" is also listed under security. Particularly freedom from nagging fear that next year, for sure, controls will be lifted and rents skyrocketed.

"Savings" also comes under security. Many admit finding it hard to save but in buying a house they are forced into it. You may have to scrounge for the payments but you'll find them somehow because of what's at stake. And no matter how burdensome a mortgage may be, there is more satisfaction in paying off a mortgage than in paying rent which always seems like money down the drain.

Under security many home owners list "sound investment." A home, they feel, can always be borrowed on in times of stress. A home is a source of income—a top floor or a room rented for a long or short period. Owned guest homes and nursing homes were cited as excellent sources of income for their owners.

The second largest number talked about "creative interest." The desire to paint and paper, in fact to create a whole new design for living. Most of them felt that this could be aroused in the most lethargic breast by ownership. When you rent, they feel, you continue to live with wallpaper that depresses, a staircase that causes you to trip, and many other annoyances, simply because you won't spend the money on something that will never be yours. Ownership, most of them claim, improves your taste and broadens your horizons because you are constantly alerted to new ideas.

And then, because women are notorious for wanting to see what they own, the third largest number talk about "something to show for your money." They claim that owning is financially sounder than renting. They are sure, almost a third of them, that the cost of maintaining a home (the heating, taxes, improvements, etc.) is actually cheaper than renting.

The fourth largest group extols "independence and freedom." Freedom, first of all, to choose your own location. If you're rurally minded, a house in a township; if a theatregoer or concert-hound, a house close enough to reach these places easily and quickly. Freedom to dig up your whole back lawn and plant garlic, if you choose; the fun of designing a flower garden, planting bushes or trees with the years ahead in mind. A few told of husbands who couldn't tell a dandelion from a marigold before owning, who are now enthusiastic gardeners. Ownership provides an incentive to work hard and to hold on to what you own. Independence from the shadow of a landlord or landlady who too often feels free to walk into your home without a by-your-leave. And as one councilor pointed out, in ownership you can satisfy your yearning for dogs, cats and children.

The fifth largest group talks about "the effect of ownership on family life," ownership giving a sense of permanence and stability, a sense of belonging in the neighborhood. Owning your own home gives your children a chance to make and keep the same friends for years. Your husband isn't so likely to want to change his job.

"Pride" of ownership comes sixth in importance. Pride in having a solid place in the community. Being in a position to vote on local matters that concern you. Prestige that comes with activity in community affairs. Increased interest in schools, churches, parks in the community. Home ownership, a number of them feel, makes you a more responsible citizen, and as one councilor concluded, "it is one of the greatest bulwarks against communism."

The seventh and smallest group talk about "old age," and that pension you hope to have some day. It will really mean something if you have no rent, and your mortgage is paid up.

But of equal interest are the comments of the small percentage who are undecided about the joys of ownership—one per cent. Some of them felt that owning a home involved a lot of sacrifice; that costs of repair are high, but qualified their complaints by saying, "but you always have a roof over your head."

A few felt that today they could afford to rent a much better house than they had bought years ago.

A couple who had invested in a home and business in the same year thought they would have been better off renting for a while. However, they concluded, they would rather own than rent.

The one per cent who felt definitely that home ownership had not been worth while said quite bluntly that taxes and maintenance had been higher than anticipated. A few had had to buy at a time when real estate was high and were consequently not satisfied.

One couple summed it up simply as "too much money and hard work."

Although 25% of this Chatelaine panel rent either an apartment or a house, over half of this number wish they had bought years ago. Their reasons echo those of the home owners. Most of them said, "We'd have had a house bought by now with all the rent we've paid."

One of the healthiest indications revealed by this Chatelaine survey was that of the 73% who own their own homes, over two thirds own them outright. This leaves only one out of every three persons carrying a mortgage or mortgages.

In 1941 only 56.7% of Canadian householders owned their own homes.

Although this Chatelaine figure of 73% may be a little higher than the new D. B. S. figure which will be published sometime in 1951 or '52, we feel that several factors make it look like a fair estimate of the Canadian picture. These factors are: the big increase in households in Canada since 1941—over 19%, and the D. B. S. estimate that at least three quarters of all new dwellings built in the past three years have been for home ownership—as opposed to renting. The simple matter of checking your own personal friends or office associates who were renting a few years ago and now own their own homes will probably give you a figure close to 73%.

Yes, it looks as though Canada is fast becoming a country of home owners. But those who are at grips with their first mortgage and are feeling a little punch drunk, take heart from the evidence of 1,464 householders, the great majority of whom feel that an owner's life is a good one and well worth the struggle.

Golden Pheasant Shoes

for all occasions

MANUFACTURED BY GEORGE G. HODGES LIMITED, MONTREAL



FAB WASHING TIPS

FROM HUNDREDS OF LETTERS PRAISING THIS FABULOUS WASHING DISCOVERY

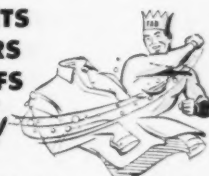
FAB MAKES DISHES



"FAB is simply wonderful for dishes, pots and pans. It gets the most stubborn, cooked-on food off like a dream!" says Mrs. N. Sharley, Saskatoon.

FAB GETS COLLARS 'n' CUFFS

REALLY WHITE!



"FAB, rubbed into the grimeiest spots on collars and cuffs, gets out even the most stubborn dirt with far less work!" says Mrs. B. E. Metcalfe, Peterborough.

FAB WASHES GRIMY TOGS



"My husband gets his clothes so greasy and grimy. Even so, Fab washes his grimeiest clothes clean as a whistle!" says Mrs. J. L. Green, Bronte.

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REALLY SOFT!



"Fab makes little woollens so soft and fluffy . . . so kind to baby's tender skin. What's more important, they're really clean!" says Mrs. E. K. Clarke, Toronto.

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Tell us about your experience with Fab. If your letter is used, you will receive absolutely free a year's supply of FAB. Address:

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ALL YOU NEED FOR EVERYTHING YOU WASH!



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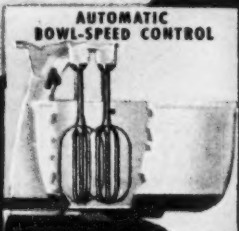
Sunbeam Mixmaster does a perfect mixing job because the bowl revolves automatically, the beaters are in correct relation to the bowl and the mixture goes into and through the beaters for **EVEN** mixing every time. Your hands are always **FREE** to add ingredients in correct proportion.

Only the new Sunbeam Mixmaster gives you all the special advantages you want and deserve when you buy a food mixer. So be sure the mixer you get (or the one you receive as a gift) is the original and the **ONLY** Mixmaster. There's only **one** by that name. Mixmaster puts that **EXTRA** deliciousness, **EXTRA** success into every recipe. Over six million enthusiastic owners are its best advertisements. It is also the mixer for which you can obtain such marvelous attachments as the combination Food Chopper-Meat Grinder, Hi-Speed Drink Mixer, Butter Churn and others. On sale wherever good electric appliances are sold. See your dealer.

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The only juicer that automatically joggles the strainer to shake the juice out of the pulp. Fast. Easy-to-use. Easy-to-clean.



A nylon button on one of the beaters turns bowl automatically, keeping beater-speed and bowl-speed **UNIFORM**. You never need turn bowl or slow it down by hand.



Tilt the handle—out drop beaters individually, for easy cleaning. No pulling. No messy fingers.



POWERFUL MOTOR

Patented-governor controlled motor delivers Full Power on all speeds. Beaters never vary their speed as batter thins-out or thickens-up, whether set Slow or Fast, for **EVEN** mixing.

38 — Chatelaine, August, 1950

No More Sea

Continued from page 23

cocked his head, said judiciously, "But I don't like the color of that sky . . . 'n' the water . . . looks like a weather-breeder to me. Let's git movin'."

Rance, carrying the canvas gingerly on account of wet paint, followed Pa back down to the fish pier, got into the powerboat with her skiff astern. Pa gave the rope an extra hitch before they started for the Light; the fog had shut in tight already but he'd steer by the sound of the Carrie B. Pa was a dear; he hadn't asked you a word of what had happened. And suddenly, because he hadn't, she wanted to tell him. Pa listened quietly, his callused hand moving slightly on the steering wheel, until she'd finished and then he spat neatly over the rail before he asked, flatly, "You love him? This painter?"

"I thought so," Rance said miserably. Pa looked at her kind of queer. "Your Ma lived up to town until she was 17 and married me. I guess she kind'a missed the lights 'n' people 'n' movies when she come out to Egg with me. You're two years older, but some ways, you're a lot younger." When his eyes looked at you, gentle, you remembered how his mustache used to tickle when he kissed you when you were a kid; and yet there was something disapproving in his eyes, too. "I was pure jelly fish after the first war," Pa told her. "Only with me it was sudden noise. Bein' sick in the head ain't no different from a busted leg; you get over it."

Rance's eyes were wide. Pa hadn't talked so much in six months. Did he mean that you and Court too . . .

"Only," Pa warned her, "you got to be real sure he's your man."

"How can I be sure?" Rance demanded, almost crying.

"You'll know," Pa told her.

That wasn't any real answer. Besides it was different with him and Ma; they were both country folks while Court was city bred. It was harder to know what he was really thinking, how you felt yourself. Ma younger than you and crazy in love . . . it was difficult to picture her as anything but middle-aged, sot in her ways, always deviling Pa for tracking sand into her clean kitchen. She didn't sound like any love bird when they came in late for dinner.

"I can't be cookin' all day," she snapped irritably. "Didn't you git no berries, Rance? Where's the buckets?"

"No. I forgot them," Rance said blankly, but before Ma could ask any more, Pa came to her rescue, announcing, "Wind's shiftin'. It'll be clear in half an hour."

THAT AFTERNOON Rance didn't have any time to brood, for, once the weather had cleared, visitors came from all over the shore. Kip stayed down at the boathouse to see they didn't skid into the water, landing; Pa showed 'em the Light; while Ma and Rance fried fresh doughnuts and watched they didn't pick up souvenirs in the house. One female almost got away with Rance's shell pin tray and they asked the dumbest questions.

"But, Mrs. Gray, don't you get scared to death out here?" one woman asked Ma. No one that size, Rance thought, should wear a lacy blue dress; it made her ample bosoms look like two baby

pillows. "What would you do if there was a tidal wave?" she demanded.

"Try out Jonah's apartment, I guess," Ma told her. "They ain't near as much danger here as in the city, if you ask me, with all them cars ridin' your stern. I took a trip before I was married." She sighed, added dreamily, "But all them people was good as a show, and the lights at night were some handsome. Have a fresh doughnut?"

Rance was staring at Ma as if she'd never really seen her before, realizing she still hankered for bright lights after 20 years with Pa, but she'd never let on. It must be you didn't really love Court enough or you'd be willing to go inland with him, no matter what. Had he gone yet? She could hardly wait till the last visitor slid screaming down the seaweed into his boat to go up to her room, snatch up her binoculars. The windows of his house were still wide open but his blue car was gone.

"I don't want any supper," she called down to Ma. "I got a headache."

It was true; a sort of aching emptiness made you restless. She flung herself down on her bed not minding how much she messed it up, and lay listening to the gentle rote against the Rock, because always before it had soothed her.

Because she didn't go to sleep until almost daylight, she overslept next morning; Ma woke her out of a sound sleep, coming in to shut her window to save the curtains. "It's breezin' up," Ma told her. "Your Pa's gone over to the harbor in the powerboat to git some spare parts 'n' he said you wasn't to chance it today in the skiff."

Rance went to her window as soon as Ma had left. It was choppy all right, but you could have made in ashore. What for? Court's blue car was still in his yard but the windows were all shuttered already; he was leaving all right. But you couldn't see a sign of him; better not, maybe. She laid down her glasses, slipped into her blue dress and went listlessly down to the boathouse. You might as well take one look at the picture. As she picked it out of Pa's locker, it slipped from her hand, fell face downward on the concrete floor and she saw that something was scrawled on the back in crayon. As she picked it up she recognized Court's writing.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth . . . and there was no more sea."

SHE CAUGHT her breath sharply and the words Court had written burned themselves into her mind as if they had been red-hot. "A new heaven and a new earth . . ." "Darn you, darling, I can't even paint without you!" That was what he had meant! That was what you'd meant to Court . . . and then you'd failed him. Shame swept through her in a cleansing flood and she saw herself for what she was, someone who'd accepted all he had to give and given him . . . nothing. A great sob rose in her aching throat and as she looked down at the picture through her tears, the sea seemed to move, to come alive. Why, it was alive; it was real. What had Pa said when he looked at it yesterday? "I don't like the look of that sky . . . 'n' the water . . . it's a weather breeder." And it had been. Court had caught the very mood of the sea so that Pa, an old hand, knew what it meant. He hadn't failed at all. Oh Court, my darling! You had to go to him now, at once, before he got away, to tell him.

Delicious! Delightful! Delectable!



VI-TONE FAST FUDGE MIX is so downright good . . . and so e-a-s-y to make. You can have a batch of delicious CHOCOLATE, MAPLE or VANILLA fudge on the table in FOUR MINUTES flat! For a real family treat, for the cottage, for birthday parties, etc. . . get a couple of packages today. VI-TONE FAST FUDGE MIX bears the seal of Chatelaine Institute.

VI-TONE FAST FUDGE MIX

just
right
always
ready...



Made of really fine ingredients . . . seasoned to perfection . . . Kraft French Style Dressing gives your salads that "different" touch. Ask for it at your grocer's.

IT'S KITCHEN FRESH

NOTE: Do you like a touch of onion and garlic? Then get Miracle French by Kraft.

Her eyes blazing, she snatched up a pair of oars, began to push the skiff down the slip, but it hit a snag and when she looked up Kip's big seaboot was blocking the way.

"Where do you think you're goin'?" Kip enquired. "If you think you're runnin' after that loony painter . . ."

"Get out of my way," Rance gasped. "I'll go where I want."

"Not while I'm in charge, you won't," Kip told her flatly, and he was, of course, with Pa gone. His grey eyes looked down into hers, frantic to get away, as he said, half apologetically, "I got to stop you, Rance. Like mates with like . . . or it's a monstrosity. The Grays has fished 'n' lobstered in these parts since they was any. The sea's natural to you, Rance Gray. If I thought you'd be happy with any outlander . . . but you wouldn't."

Rance hardly heard him. If Court got away while you were arguing . . . If you failed him again . . . Tears rolled down her cheeks as she beat with her small fists against Kip's chest, crying, "I got to go. I love him, if you want to know. I'm going to marry him, and you can't stop me!" But he could. She couldn't budge him, she realized at last. "I'll make you sorry for this, Kip Moore," she raged. "Pa'll take me, soon as he gets back."

He'd take you in the powerboat if you asked him.

But she didn't go ashore, after all, for by the time Pa got back it was too late. Standing helpless at her window she'd watched the blue car drive out of the yard, Court drive away. Probably by now, she realized, leaning her hot forehead against the cool glass, she'd never see him again as long as she lived. As she stood there, staring across at the empty white cottage, the storm broke at last, the rain coming in torrents, making patterns on the leaden sea.

"The barometer's falling. It's fixin' for a real blow," Pa reported when he and Kip came in for supper, their oilskins dripping wet where they'd been making everything movable fast outside.

Rance stood by the kitchen window watching the grey water boiling up where the white fingers of the Light poked into the gathering dark—two white flashes and then a pause, and then a red one. "Look out! Danger!" It warned every mariner. You were glad it was storming; it felt the same way inside you, desperate blackness boiling up. After the dishes were washed, Rance went to bed almost at once, and so exhausted was she by the emotional turmoil of the past two days that, in spite of the howling of the wind and the heavy pounding of the sea she fell into a deep sleep almost at once.

She dreamed that a great lobster, a giant creature with a great claw, had grabbed her by the arm.

"RANCE! WAKE UP!" Ma's voice called to her and when she opened dazed eyes, sat up, frightened, Ma was standing there by her bed, holding a lamp. She looked scared too and you could hardly hear what she said, the noise of the waves was so deafening; even here in the south bedroom you could feel the breakwater shake when a great roller hit it and then the whole house would shiver, too. It was the worst nor'easter you'd seen in 18 years. Ma put her lips down to her ear. "Git

up. Pa says we'd better move out into the Light with him 'n' Kip. Put on warm things. Hurry!"

Pa was afraid the breakwater was going. Rance, her mouth dry, leaped out of her warm bed, shivered, and Ma threw her heavy slacks from the closet, a sweater. Glory, that was a big one! "Hurry," Ma urged again. Her hand shook holding the lamp as she led the way down the stairs, through the kitchen, but they were halfway through the passage-way into the Light itself before it happened, the great crash like the end of the world and the sound of glass breaking . . . Paralyzed, Rance looked back at the sea foam rolling down the stairs behind her and then a strong arm yanked her inside the Light, slammed the heavy iron door, shot the bolts.

"That was some close," Pa said, wiping his sweaty forehead. "The breakwater's gone."

He had to yell over the sound of things crashing inside the house, the hissing of steam as the coal stove went out, inside the house. Would it all go? Rance wondered, her heart thudding sickeningly. Would the Light be washed off the Rock, too?

Pa glanced at her white face. "We're all right here," he said briefly. "The Light won't go."

Rance licked dry lips. "Of course not," she said shakily and when she looked over at Ma she saw she wasn't sure either. If there was a tidal wave, like that summer woman said . . . As the shock of the great rollers beat against the base of the Light, shook it, she knew suddenly how Court must have felt, the sickening shuddering inside him.

But Pa was right; the Light did hold; and by morning when they could survey the damage, they saw with surprise that the house hadn't gone either. Only the breakwater had washed away, letting the inquisitive sea wash through their broken windows, all their furniture, their clothes, everything. As Rance watched, fascinated, another wave washed Ma's old rocking chair out the smashed kitchen window and it rolled drunkenly, was carried over the ledge, sucked under.

"We ain't got a stitch of clothes left," Ma wailed. "Nor nuthin' to set in."

"We're here, dear," Pa comforted her, his hand on her shoulder. It was the first time Rance had ever heard him call her "dear." Ma and Pa looked at each other and her lips softened into a smile that was something to see, that made her look 10 years younger, prettier.

The Rock itself was emerging fast as the tide went down and the wind shifted, flattening the waves a little, and soon even the boathouse would be free of water; but the waves were still dangerously high.

"Some darn fool's settin' sail from the mainland!" Kip reported and the three of them came to his side to watch the powerboat that was just emerging from the shelter of the long arm of land that formed the harbor breakwater. It was simply foolhardy, Rance knew; not even the coast guard cutter had chanced it yet after Pa had reported they were in no danger. As the small boat came out from the point, the wind caught it, hurled it up on a roller till it seemed it must capsize. But the man at the wheel, a tiny black dot, knew his business; he waited until the great comber began to cream over, caught it just right, and then sent the boat rushing ahead, riding

Continued on page 45



JEAN SIMMONS

Becoming World-Famous
Is Not So Difficult
After You Have Already Done It.



At 21 years, Jean Simmons won the popularity poll as Britain's leading feminine star. She did not really realize that any such development was taking place; is not affected by it; thinks that it all happened with little effort on her part.

★ ★ ★

The answer lies in her pictures and her performances. Her new film is **SO LONG AT THE FAIR**.

This is a fast switch on the fabulous yarn of the vanishing person and the vanishing room, made famous by Alexander Woodcott among others. The setting is the Paris Exposition of 60 years ago, very plush and very romantic and also slightly hot for anyone interested in fashions.

Styles have a 60-cycle habit and the modes of that period are in some respects, sneaking up on everyone again.

★ ★ ★

All the elements of the smash hit arrived unexpectedly in a picture called **PRELUDE TO FAME**. Like all great films, it has a fine story, again, by a famous author, Aldous Huxley. It has exceptionally emotional music.

The cast includes Guy Rolfe, the slim, sardonic star who has just moved into the top group of box-office favorites; Kathleen Byron in gowns by Molyneux; Kathleen Ryan of the Irish charm and a small youngster with large eyes who may well be giving the best performance since Jackie Coogan was "The Kid".

★ ★ ★

Favorite British films have a long life in Canadian theatres but should be seen early so that they can be seen once or more again. Two more in that class are exciting additions to the most popular tales of British courage and adventure: For the Navy, **MORNING DEPARTURE**; For the Army, **THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED**.

★ ★ ★

Alec Guinness, selected as Broadway's actor of the year, is about to be picked by Canadians as their selection for polished comedy. His current films, both from Ealing Studios: **KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS**, **A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY**.

To be sure you see these fine films, ask for playdates at your local theatre.

An **Eagle-Lion** Release

So easy to make.... Butterscotch Crunch Pie

Make this gorgeous pie in a matter of minutes. You can also make a tempting variety of desserts, tarts and fillings with Shirriff's "Bud" Desserts —chocolate, caramel, butterscotch or vanilla. Shirriff's flavour is always extra rich... sealed liquid-fresh in the flavour "Bud", a shell of pure sugar, till you make the dessert.

made with
SHIRRIFF'S
"BUD" DESSERTS

Prepare Shirriff's Butterscotch "Bud" Dessert as directed, using 2 cups milk. When cool, stir in ½ cup finely crushed peanut brittle. Place in baked pastry shell or crumb crust and chill. Spread top with sweetened whipped cream and sprinkle with crushed peanut brittle. To be sure of extra rich, extra fresh flavour, always use Shirriff's "Bud" Desserts.



SHIRRIFF'S
"BUD" DESSERTS



The exterior of the house still looked neat and habitable in sharp contrast to the inside where everything was ruin and desolation.

Heartbreak

Continued from page 13

free of charge when the time comes. Several people pointed out to me that this company does not have Wildwood's oil contract.

A large grain company is storing this refugee furniture, also free of charge. It is these unexpected generosity and others like them that flood victims remember. They remember them as hard as they can when they look at cars full of bug-eyed sightseers, and cleaning women charging two and three times their normal rates, before they form opinions of the human race.

Wildwood Emerges

Helen and Bill Fairbrother took us to their home to show us, first hand, what happens to a house that is soaked in filthy water for four weeks.

We climbed into a rowboat, rowed four blocks down the street. It was the street along which the big dike was built. On the other side of the dike were some of the natural woods that gave Wildwood its name. To a height of nearly three feet over the top of the dike the branches were completely bare. Over the water mark the foliage was luxuriant, and the wild plums and saskatoon bushes were in bloom. All along the dike was an almost solid row of garages, swept against it by the water which, when it broke through, came from the side. Some were almost undamaged. Others were splintered ruins. Caught against them were things like laundry stoops, lawn furniture and window boxes.

In spite of the fact that the water had then receded so much, we still dodged clotheslines as we circled the house.

Bill had broken one of the living room windows and its storm sash. We looped and tied the boat's rope through one of the little round holes in the storm sash and climbed in.

The sight and smell of the place were like a blow in the face. The water, if you could call it that, was then just below my knees. The foul, mucky deposit on the walls reached a little over six feet. Long boards floating on the surface turned out to be hardwood flooring. A huge chesterfield that obviously had been

beautiful rested on the V of its back and bottom. On it lay a quilted jacket with the cleaner's tag still pinned to it. All over the chesterfield's mohair covering there was a peculiar white fungus. The matching chair had floated or been swept against the front door in the hall. Odd objects, some of which had floated up from the basement, drifted aimlessly as we disturbed the water.

The joy with which I discovered that Helen had put her electric toaster up on top of the cornice, where it had escaped injury, was out of all proportion to its value, but it was so wonderful to find something clean and undamaged in that awful room.

The dining room was worse. Their



Mrs. Frank Hollingshead, a Chatelaine counselor, was hard hit. But, "There's not much left if you can't smile!" she said.

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massive suite was veneer, which was peeling off like layers of cardboard. The legs of the buffet and china cabinet had collapsed, and they lay helplessly on their backs, almost submerged. The table was a freakish sight. They had raised it on chairs—one of the hardest things to bear in Wildwood is the sight of their attempts, so pathetic and useless, to protect the things that were trapped there. Half the table top had split through, and the top layer was curled back as you might curl back the front half of a magazine. We learned later that the owners of solid wood furniture fared no better. It split.

A big wooden sandwich tray with one edge curled up had caught a spray of pink shell flowers. They struck a strange frivolous note, floating on the dark grey water.

To get into the kitchen it was necessary to climb over a pile of debris. The

in her linoleum gave great sobbing burbles. It was a horrid sensation. Slime covered everything, hanging in revolting blobs on handles and knobs. For some reason the sink had served as a catch-all, snagging debris until it was piled high. The water played strange tricks, landing a milk bottle carefully on its neck, placing a pair of shoes, one on the living room window sill, one on the dining room window sill.

The refrigerator and the stove, though presenting a gruesome sight, could be salvaged, we found later. The insulation in all flooded refrigerators must be removed and replaced, but if the motor is sealed, as the Fairbrothers' is, the chance of damage is slight.

We had been told that plasterboard walls had buckled badly. The Fairbrothers' home had plaster walls, so we went in search of one with plasterboard.



Just a short time ago a colorful modern kitchen — now transformed by flood water into a chaos of filth and slime.

footing was extremely treacherous, as the flooring which was not already floating had heaved and buckled and looped. Also there were submerged objects all over the floor.

The stuff piled at the kitchen door was really formidable, and so entangled that you couldn't budge it, not that anybody wanted to touch it anyway.

"For Heaven's sake, don't anybody fall down," Helen said anxiously.

"You can scarcely tell your hostess, even at a time like that, that if you fall on her floor you'll die of horror on the spot."

The smell in the living room and dining room was so bad that we were all breathing as shallowly as possible. In the kitchen it was a hundred times worse. It was literally impossible to stay in there more than a couple of minutes. The cupboards and refrigerator were filled with groceries and food that had stood and rotted for a month.

Water Plays Strange Tricks

Helen's kitchen had been a gay one. You could tell that her color scheme had been yellow and blue, and you could make out, through the filth, the decals on her cupboard doors. A great cluster of mud-covered gourds still hung on the wall. As we walked the bubbles

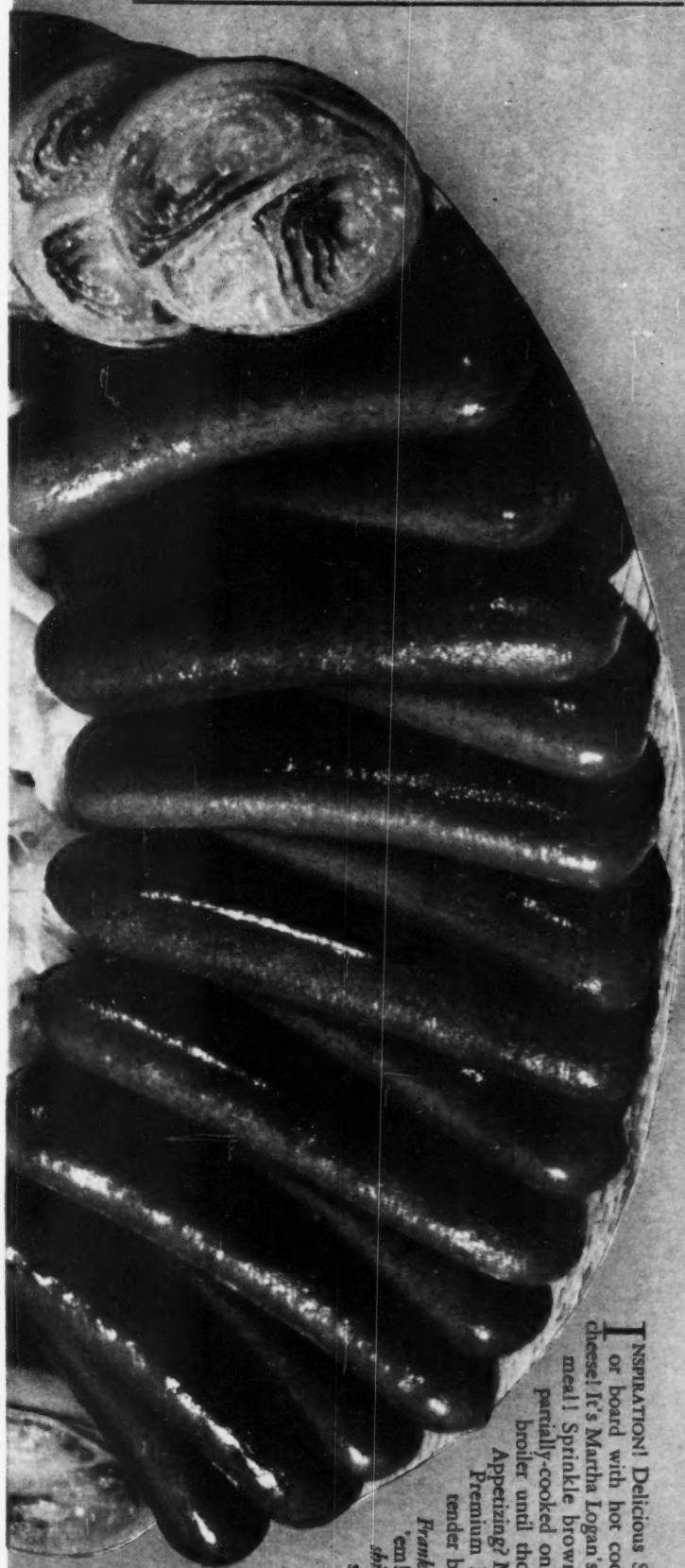
In Flood Headquarters staffed by volunteer residents, and situated in the bowling alley, we found a man who said he had plasterboard. He was on his way to his home then, and invited us to go with him. It wasn't until we got there that we found he hadn't been in his home since before the flood and didn't know what he was facing. Never in our lives have we felt more unnecessary. His house looked worse, if possible, than the Fairbrothers'. Everything in his living room had been swept into one ghastly heap. I suppose, knowing them so well, he could recognize his belongings. We couldn't tell what they'd been.

He stood in the middle of the floor and swore quietly once or twice. Then he took the photographs of his two little girls off the wall, and walked out. We followed, feeling like worms. Rowing back, he wiped the mud from the photographs and showed them to us. I hope he was able to locate the negatives. It seems such a little thing to ask.

Even in a catastrophe the pattern varies. A friend of ours had a harrowing experience on his return, at dusk, to his flooded home. Reaching across the sink he put his hand on wet fur. Looking down, he saw a little animal face peering at him from the bottom of the sink. Further investigation proved it

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Peach Shortcake

3 cups once-sifted pastry flour, or 2½ cups once-sifted all-purpose flour
6 tsp. baking powder
¾ tsp. salt

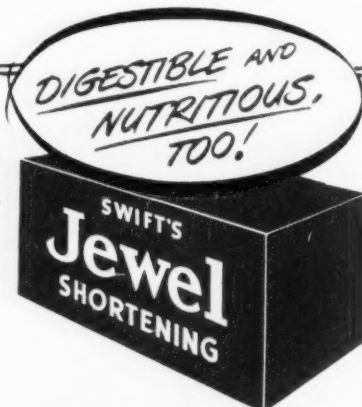
¼ tsp. grated nutmeg
¾ cup fine granulated sugar
½ cup chilled Jewel Shortening
2 eggs, well beaten
1 cup milk

Pre-heat oven to 400°F., (hot). Brush an 8" round cake pan with soft Jewel. Sift together twice, then sift into a bowl the flour, baking powder, salt, nutmeg and sugar. Cut in Jewel finely—it's so easy, so quick to blend. Combine well-beaten eggs and milk. Make a well in the dry ingredients and add liquids all at once. Combine lightly but thoroughly. Turn into Jewelled cake pan and bake about 30 min. Serve hot, split, lightly buttered and filled with sliced peaches—or any fruit in season. Top with whipped cream and more peaches. Yield: 9 delicious servings. Swift Canadian Co. Limited.

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Over a hundred exciting recipes! For your copy, print your name, address, send with the top from a package of Jewel Shortening, and 10c to cover cost of mailing and handling, to: Dept. C, Swift Canadian Co. Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario.

Blends Better



to be an old neckpiece of his wife's, but it gave him a nasty turn.

The plasterboard had been maligned. It hadn't buckled in any of the houses we saw. But it was doomed, nevertheless. All plasterboard walls were removed as soon as possible and thrown out. Plaster walls remained until the appraiser decided whether or not they should be torn out. Almost invariably they had to come out.

As soon as the water left the first floors, all hardwood flooring was torn up, and piled in a heap in the yard to prove to the appraisers that there had been floors. The same thing was done with tile and linoleum. One glance was enough to prove that they had no future but a bonfire.

We returned to Fairbrothers' the day the floor emerged. It didn't look any better, but the smell had weakened considerably, because they had broken most of the windows. It was, of course, impossible to open them. There were clamshells on the floor.

Helen discovered, buried in the mud in a corner of the dining room, two little vases that had been in her family for over a hundred years. They were shaped rather like a bottle, and evidently had bobbed around in the water and sunk gently into the place we found them. There wasn't a nick out of either of them. It's funny what a blaze of triumph you feel when something has beaten the river.

Bill showed us the interior of the garage, which, of course, still had a lot of water in it. It had served as a control point and canteen during the fight on the dike. It had two tables and several chairs contributed by the church. There were two two-burner hot plates and a coffee urn in sight, and some kettles and things like that still under the water.

A mental comparison with our canteen, with its thirty-foot table, and six hundred pounds of coffee a day, brought home to me more forcibly than anything else how cruelly Wildwood had been served. They had every bit as much right to equipment and aid as we had, but they were the horrible example that spurred on the rest of us.

No Time For Tears

We talked to Mrs. Frank Hollingshead, who is one of Chatelaine's counselors. Honor typifies the spirit of Wildwood. She had posed for pictures for the man from the Flood Relief Fund, and was impatient with him because he wouldn't let her smile. "There's not much left if you can't smile," she said. "Anybody can see how bad it is by looking at my house. What's the sense in moaning over it for the papers?"

She was unusually unfortunate because something acid in the water seems to have spoiled the finish on her silver. Some of her hollow ware was eaten right down to the copper, and the sheen is gone from her flatware. Helen Fairbrother, having a two-story house, put her good silver upstairs, but her kitchen silver is unsalvageable.

Honor mentioned her wedding certificate and bridal pictures. "But," she added briskly, "you can't get sentimental. You just don't think about things like that."

We left her standing in her living room, which had no walls, no flooring, and no windows.

On our way back from Honor's place to Headquarters we saw a big Union Jack on a clothesline.

The whole thing is one huge tragedy, but it is the little tragedies that break your heart. Photographs, family records, a set of needlepoint charts it took three generations of women to make, wedding gowns, water colors painted by friends now dead—things like that. Most of these losses have little value on an appraisers' list, but they hurt.

The first step in rehabilitating a home, after the water has receded from the floor, is to tear up the flooring and the paper underneath. Then you hose and scrub walls and flooring and decontaminate your basement. (If the walls are plaster, that is. If they're plasterboard they're torn out, as I said.) The foulness of the water cannot be stressed too strongly, and "contaminated" is a very genteel word for it. For the scrubbing the Red Cross supplied pipe brushes, formidable things with extra stiff bristles and a hollow metal handle. You attach a hose to the end of it, and the water comes out as you scrub. The muck and slime washes down through the subflooring into the basement. Then walls and subflooring are rinsed with a strong disinfectant solution. For basement decontamination a First Aid for Flooded Homes handbook put out by the Government recommends a strong solution of chlorine.* "Avoid getting this solution in the eyes," the handbook warns solemnly.

Community Clubs Take Over

Wildwood's Community Club was the centre of its struggle against the Red, and it is the centre of its Rehabilitation Program, which it is attacking with the same undaunted, dogged spirit. Something that was pointed up sharply during the emergency was the value of a Community Club. Flooded and threatened districts that had well-supported, working Clubs had an enormous advantage over those that hadn't them. I shudder to think what would have happened to our own Norwood without ours. When a community has a focal point, and the people in it are used to working together with one objective, it eliminates any amount of confusion and cross-purposes when literally every moment counts. And it gives you a wonderful sense of togetherness. At a time like that it can mean, as it did with us, the difference between rescue and disaster.

The feeling of comradeship is very noticeable in Wildwood. They fought together, shared the bitterness of loss, and now they are an unshaken unit slowly and painfully rebuilding their community—together.

Each step has a director, who can call on the manpower pool for as many as he thinks he will need. Those in charge of pumping and of decontamination (Bill Fairbrother) are through now, of course. So are those in charge of electricity and furniture removal. There are men in charge of security (which means protection of homes from looting and sightseers), salvage and debris, and financial aid, as well as the manpower administrator and the men and women who spend hours looking after the desk and phone at Headquarters.

Salvage entails finding things like back steps, laundry stoops, window boxes, lawn furniture, bird houses, and garbage cans and fences, and returning them to their owners; no small task.

*To be stirred into the water while the basement is still full.

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There was a notice on the bulletin board at Headquarters which said "Lost—one washing machine" with particulars and address. Under it was a note saying, "Lloyd found his washing machine—believe it or not—on the other side of the dike."

The debris part means the gathering of the endless bits of worthless junk piled everywhere and the disposing of it, no small task either.

The man in charge of financial aid helps arrange loans for residents who cannot wait for government or fund aid. This is confidential, of course.

Wildwood was fortunate in having a resident who is an expert on electrical appliances. No layman wants to meddle with electricity, especially in a flooded home, and he was able to warn them of the risks involved with some things and to reassure them about others.

Furniture which was caught was, in almost every instance, a total loss. Chesterfields were covered with mold, and the fillings had rotted. The frames, after weeks in the water, were warped and twisted. Dining room and bedroom suites were so much rubble. Mattresses in bungalows suffered the same fate as the chesterfields. Rugs which were caught on floors rotted through.

Another problem was mildew, which spread, in many cases, into linens and clothing which were on second floors, out of the water altogether. There seems to be no pattern but luck in this. Some got it, some didn't. I saw an armful of table linens taken from a bungalow attic that looked as though they had been buried for years.

The only things to come through unscathed are dishes that escaped breakage, pots and pans, some bric-a-brac, and, in some cases, the silver. It seems very ironic that delicate bits of china ornaments should survive when beds and tables didn't.

The paste which held paper to walls served as an agent for mold. All the wallpaper we saw had huge patches of mold, thick and green, and sometimes two feet in diameter.

What happened to Wildwood's foundations is a question only time can answer. They look all right. It is in Elm Park, across the river from Wildwood, that foundations suffered. Elm Park is a narrow peninsula, and the river cut through the middle of it. Several homes that stood directly in the current's path shifted in their foundations. In several instances damage was also done to the outside walls by garages and summer houses that were swept against them. In the part of Fort Garry that lies past Wildwood and this side of the University there are six houses that have vanished entirely. All built on the river bank, four were year-round homes, two were summer cottages. One of the homes was not quite completed. There was estimated three hundred thousand dollars damage to the University.

When they found they could not hold the water back, several residents turned on the taps in the basement, in the hope that the clean water would hold out the river water. On their return, weeks later, they found the water meters still ticking happily away. Very little else was functioning in Wildwood, but the water meters were in wonderful shape.

Silt eats into the paint on houses, and all painted homes will have to be redone.

When we asked about gardens, we were sent to the Eric Stewarts, whose

garden had been the pride of Wildwood. To a rabid gardener like me, their place was an appalling sight. They figure that ninety per cent of their perennials are gone. As if that weren't bad enough they had a hundred dozen perennial seedlings ready to set out. They managed to save one flat. The shrubs have done much better, and most of them showed signs of life. Lythrum, for some reason, and of course the Swamp and Japanese Iris, which really are water plants, were thriving. Also, they had the healthiest clump of chives I've ever seen. The rest was a sodden expanse of dead foliage, with the odd greenish white shoot showing.

Another gardening couple, friends of ours, had a gorgeous collection of tuberous rooted begonias. They put the flats filled with the winter-stored roots on trestles, which collapsed, like everyone else's. The tubers were all ruined but two, which drifted onto a top shelf and rooted in the silt.

This same couple had a collection of fish, which they kept in their lily pool in the summer and a very fancy aquarium in the winter. They found two in the basement. The rest, they figure, will summer in Lake Winnipeg.

Lawns, as long as the silt was not allowed to bake over them, were doing nicely. When it does bake, the silt is hard as cement, and must be roto-tilled.

It's a gloomy sort of comfort now, but flood victims were assured that the silt makes a wonderful fertilizer, which shouldn't surprise anybody who smelled it, and next year's gardens will be luxuriant.

Wildwood had its rehabilitation planned and organized, but their hands were tied, as were all flood victims', by uncertainty. Week after dragging week they waited for an official announcement as to what help the Government meant to give flood victims. There were plenty of statements involving the "everything possible" and "at the earliest possible time" which became a wry sort of joke, but nothing to indicate whether they were considering paying one hundred per cent or merely one. Contractors, though sympathetic, were in no position to pay labor out of their own pockets. After the homes were decontaminated, and the walls and flooring removed, there was nothing to do but wait.

Now their waiting is ended. The government has announced that they will cover rebuilding expenses up to three thousand dollars a home, and more in special cases, as when a house has shifted on its foundations.

Some of the home owners plan to rebuild their homes themselves, which will be a long, slow, heartbreaking process. The Government announcement said that those who did their own work would be recompensed on the basis of what a tradesman would cost. This would help cover the loss of furniture and other belongings. The homes in Wildwood were all bought at inflated prices, and the mortgages go their merry way, regardless.

With the Flood Relief Fund the picture is not yet clear. I suppose a certain amount of delay is inevitable, but it seems so long. The questionnaire which the Fund required filled states in big black letters that the things listed must be kept for appraisal. So each home has in front of it a tragic defenseless-looking heap of furniture and clothing, lamps and books, broken dishes and toys,

Continued on page 55

Serve this Sunny Blossom Cake



So easy to make with MAGIC!

Bright as a buttercup, light as a breeze, your Magic Blossom Cake spreads sunshine 'round the table. Of course, it's delicious . . . of course, it's fluffy, tender and snowy-white . . . that's the way Magic makes it! Put your trust in pure, wholesome Magic Baking Powder for cake successes

every time. It's the no-risk way of getting the best from fine ingredients — perfect, even texture, and delectable flavor, everything just as you hoped. And Magic costs less than 1¢ per average baking, yet protects other costly ingredients. So, to keep your baking at its best—use Magic Baking Powder.

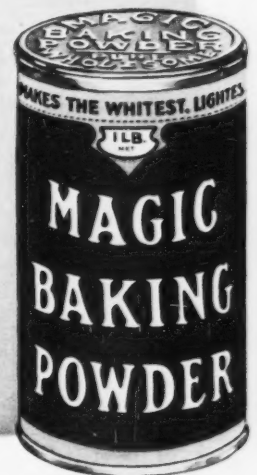
MAGIC BLOSSOM CAKE

2½ cups sifted cake flour
4 tsps. Magic Baking Powder

¾ tsp. salt
12 tbsps. shortening
1½ cups fine granulated sugar

¾ cup milk
1½ tsps. vanilla
4 egg whites

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together 3 times. Cream shortening (or mixture of butter and shortening); gradually blend in 1 cup of the sugar and cream well. Measure milk and add vanilla. Very gradually blend about a third of the flavored milk into creamed mixture. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; gradually beat in remaining ¾ cup sugar, beating after each addition until mixture will stand in peaks. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of the remaining milk and combining lightly after each addition. Add meringue and fold gently until combined. Turn into two 8" round cake pans which have been greased and lined on the bottom with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 30 to 35 minutes. Put cold cakes together with lemon filling; when set, frost all over with yellow-tinted vanilla butter icing and decorate with candy "blossoms".



THE WELL-TRESSED CHILD



Chatelaine believes that before
your little angel goes flying back to school,
her halo should be shining and neat



By Eileen Morris. It's windblown and summer-dry . . . streaked by sun and all a-tangle. Likely you've barely kept your little girl's curls free from knots these summer weeks before she dashed off to the dock or beach. Now, with September and school in the offing, you take a fresh look at her hair, and decide:

It needs reconditioning. A careful shampoo and many rinsings. Lotion and balm to counteract dryness, make it friendly to the comb. Or a corrective tonic for oiliness, dandruff. And a rinse to blend in those sun streaks. Regular brushing at tuck-in time to bring up fresh lustre. (Do this together while you gossip and it's fun, specially if she has a brush that fits her hand.)

It needs styling. Decide if Suzy's hairdo is keeping pace with her growing up. By 11 a child's head has reached its adult size, and needs a young-adult style. Braids that are sugar-sweet at nine may only accent a 12-year-old's awkwardness. And long curls can brand a 10-year-old "mamma's girl."

Cutting is one job we recommend be done by an expert who understands the art of shaping and thinning hair, tapering the ends to fit the style. Our expert, Percy Skelly of the Toronto Guild of

Hairdressers, gave us a number of tips as he worked on the hair of our four very young beauties.

"Curl won't vanish if the hair is shaped, for the very weight of long hair may pull out any wave," he told us. "On the other hand if your pride's hair is straight and baby-fine, cutting will strengthen it. Shortened, tapered hair can be molded with brush and left hand while moist, and coaxed to wave. And the hair will lie flat and be a lot easier to look after.

"Above all," explained Mr. Skelly, "don't fall into the trap of hoarding every hair on a child's head . . . nothing can so spoil the balance of her body, the delicate shape of her face."

During childhood hair is undergoing constant change. That is why hair that is curly and blond in kindergarten may turn straight as string and dark by high school. It's chemical and nothing to lament in these days of soft permanents and pretty wash-away rinses.

It will need after-care. Faithful combing, brushing and shampooing —and the gloss of her hair will outshine the gold stars on her report card! Encourage your turvy drop to treasure her lifetime possession now and she'll grow up with healthy, good-looking hair.

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No More Sea

Continued from page 39

the roller for dear life. It was mad; it was wonderful; it was real seamanship.

"Looks like he's headin' out this way," Pa drawled. He raised his binoculars, sucked in his breath, and then without a word handed them to Rance. The man at the steering wheel lifted his white face to plot his course cunningly amid the wildness of sea.

"Court! It's Court!"

Her hand shook so she almost dropped the glasses, but when Pa tried to take them, she wouldn't let go. Court hadn't gone and left you, after all; he was coming here! Court who shuddered at a tiny ripple, who hated the sea, was driving a boat like mad over those terrible rollers to come to you because he thought you needed him.

"Lookit him handle that craft. Pretty near as good as the coast guard," Kip muttered.

He and Pa looked at each other and both of them started for the ladder with Rance crowding their heels for she knew what they were thinking: the trickiest thing yet would be landing the boat at the slip, if Court made it. She stood in

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the boathouse doorway, straining every sense like antennae. "Here he comes, Pa! Oh." She wrung her hands as Court's boat shot by the slip.

"Gun her!" Pa yelled. "Now!"

Court couldn't possibly have heard but he did it anyway; he gave the engine everything it had and the boat shot halfway up the slip, stopped, then as a great wave swept over it, slid sickeningly back into the wash.

"He's overboard!" Rance gasped. And now the boat would be smashed to splinters against the Rock... But amazingly the anchor hook Kip had tossed into her bow held, and when she emerged, Court was still there, half-drowned, gasping for breath, but there. "Now," Pa said. Foot by foot, inch by inch, taking advantage of every wave, he and Kip hauled the boat up the slip.

"We should'a let you drown," Kip gasped, purple with effort, but there was respect in his eyes.

Court staggered over the side, caught Rance in his dripping arms. "You all right? You sure?" he kept asking her, feeling her all over to make certain. "When I heard on the radio about the breakwater, I came as fast as I could..."

"Court. Oh, Court." She kept saying his name over and over as if it were a litany or a prayer of thanksgiving. You'd have married him anyway whether he came or not, and you had to tell him so; but all you could say was, "Oh, darling, I was so scared!"

A great roller shook Egg Rock again, but neither of them heard it, for when Court's lips, salty and triumphant, crushed down on hers, there was no more sea.



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New Charm!
New Allure!

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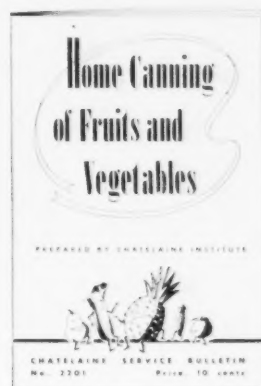
You will prefer this "Beauty Lather" Palmolive over all other leading toilet soaps—the minute you try it! And small wonder! For Palmolive now gives you... a new flower-fresh

fragrance... an extra-mild extra-soothing lather... a new long-lasting pillow shaped cake—the finest Palmolive Soap ever made to make you Palmolive-lovely all over!

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Send now for Chatelaine Service Bulletin 2201 which contains complete, up-to-date instructions for canning all Canadian fruits and vegetables. Address your request to Chatelaine Service Bulletin Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont., and enclose 10 cents in coin or money order.



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at golden
blonde
hair!**

IF you've longed for the sunny golden hair that fascinates men, it can be yours so easily. Even though time may have darkened your blonde hair, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash can give it that glorious golden look.

Whatever your hair shade—blonde, brunette or redhead—Marchand's Golden Hair Wash can enhance its loveliness. Whether you want to make your hair several shades lighter or simply add golden highlights, Marchand's can give you the effect you want.

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★ Grand for lightening arm and leg hair.

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Capsule Wardrobe of Skirts Plus...



Simplicity
SHIRT
3209
SKIRT
2720

WITH THREE SKIRTS, two blouses plus a tailored jacket you've got a versatile wardrobe for early fall. You'll make it in no time and bless yourself for your own wise planning each time you wear it. No. 3209 is a man-tailored shirt complete with French cuffs. You'll have fun experimenting with shirt studs and cuff links. In rayon plaid it's sporty for slacks. In fine white broadcloth it's fresh and crisp. In pure silk it's elegant. The skirt, No. 2720, is slightly flared with an inverted pleat in the centre, and the waistline features a set of double flaps.



Simplicity
BLOUSE
3017
SKIRT
2944

Order direct from your dealer or from the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario.



Simplicity
JACKET
3099
SKIRT
2937

No. 3017 suggests the return of the wider collar. The deep armholes are a continuing fashion. The skirt, wide and full, is a flattering style for velvet-reen, news fabric for fall. The pattern features the pick of the pocket crop . . . big, pouchy ones with turnback flaps. No. 3099 is a jacket with lots of dash, nipped at the waist, longer in length and touched up with four square pockets. Wear it over a straight skirt, No. 2937, slim as a pencil and newest in plaid for fall.

All sizes 12-20, price 25 cents.

Blin

"I'll be
I walk
' catch
the crew
the look
outside
morning
Gortho
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Blind Date

Continued from page 7

"I'll be there," I said. And I was.

I walked over the log wharf, trying not to catch the heels of my white shoes in the crevices, to the chicken walk with the loose rope rail that slanted up the outside of the ship. At 10 to 11 Monday morning I kept my date with Carl Gorthon of Helsingborg.

The porthole of my cabin looked out over the bow. I unpacked sweater, slacks and rubber-soled shoes. At 11.30 Captain Sven-Eric Kristoffersen came to escort me next door to the "Speisesalon" for lunch.

The snowy white linen cloth was covered with small platters of fish and onion, fish alone, small whole potatoes and various kinds of cheese. Half a grapefruit was before me. The captain sat opposite. We always dined in state together. There was no one else. "You will teach me English?" He smiled at me engagingly.

I ate my grapefruit, drank a goblet of fresh milk. "After three more days," he said, "there will be no more milk. We shall have only wine." He touched a button in the paneling. Our plates were removed and others brought. We were served with two more platters of fish. Plates were again removed. And now the boy was holding out a sizzling platter on which lay two beautiful filet mignons. It looked like my tramp was going to be a good provider.

"You lak caffee?" enquired the captain. "We haf caffee in the small salong." I preceded him dazedly down the passage and there it was on a silver salver. "Cigarette?"

I accepted a light wondering why they called this boat a tramp. With my eyes wide open I couldn't have picked a better date.

WHEN I went back to my cabin there was a bouquet of daisies, green leaves and fireweed in a yellow jug. No gardenias, not even baby orchids, could have welcomed me more warmly. "You are to mak it feel lak home," the captain told me, and this seemed to be the attitude of the whole ship.

In my cabin there was a shelf with glass-stoppered carafe and tumblers in a wooden holder; a mirror and a basin with two lids opening out like little doors. A trickle of cold water issued from the tap if I pressed very hard. I had two tea-towels and one brand-new pair of sheets and pillowcases obviously purchased for the occasion, not changed for the duration of the voyage. But what could a stewardess expect?

We backed away from the wharf. I began to say goodbye to the little white-steeped church on the hill and to the yellow house, the white one and the brown; to the huge pile of sawdust, the pyramid of pulpwood, and to the people who had come out of their houses to see us off. Men with pikes in motorboats stood and stared as we passed with all the longing of the people in their eyes. Everybody in this hamlet knew that I was sailing with Carl Gorthon. In a few moments I would swallow two of the special pills sent me to prevent seasickness by the Sheet Harbor doctor, Dr. Macmillan. Even the bank manager sent word that if I needed English money he had some. When I asked why they were all so kind to me, an utter

stranger, they said it was because I was doing what they had always wanted to do, and didn't. Gulls flew screaming back and forth, disturbed by our departure. The blast of the whistle was deafening, but not until the people went back into their houses did I turn away—

A sailor climbed the mast to make fast the ropes. They wore no uniforms on this tramp; faded trousers, loose shirts, skull caps and berets clothed the crew. We passed Sober Island. All hands must be sober as we put out to sea. The first mate came out of the wheelhouse to instruct me. We had swung about in less than a fathom of water.

The wind freshened as we rounded the point. Already it was colder, the wind stronger. I could see a line of silver surf like outstretched arms on either side of the harbor; the rest was lost in fog. It was cold, very cold. I kept going down for warmer clothes. Winter underwear, my ski suit, parka and all. The ship veered to the left, lifting and falling in the swell. We passed three islands ringed in leaping spray. A small fishing boat was tossing smartly on the waves. "That's to take me ashore," a voice explained beside me. "I'm the harbor pilot."

The fisherman came alongside, slung a tire out as bumper as our engine died. The pilot climbed down an outflung ladder. The boat was tossed off by the sea; picked up and flung back against the ship. This time the pilot made it. He sang out good-by and disappeared around the stern as we got under way again. The fog was gone and we were rocking more, but of course I had taken the two pills. I turned for one last look at Canada. The pilot's boat was a speck in the distance, but there was not a sign of land. We were at sea, Carl Gorthon and I. For better or for worse this would be my world for 13 days.

THE CAPTAIN came out of the wheelhouse to hand me his binoculars. Suddenly I was pointing. "What's that?" I cried. A huge mountain of smooth slippery blue-grey fish was rising out of the sea beside us.

"That's a whale," he said. "You are lucky. We don't often see them here. Watch and he'll come up again." But he did not. The ship was rocking like a rocking chair and I couldn't take another pill for half an hour. I thought, I'll go inside and lie down.

My bouquet had fallen off with the roll of the ship. Every time I went into my cabin it had been moved to another place. This time it was in the cozy corner propped by a round red bolster. He was determined to keep me in flowers, my tramp. I looked out my porthole and there was a sea gull on the tip of the mast. Everything pleased me except the rocking of the ship. I took another pill and got up feeling much better.

When I shivered at the table, the captain called for schnapps. "We must not forget ziz stuff." He lifted the tiny cone-shaped glass holding the transparent schnapps. You are supposed to lift the glass, stare earnestly into each other's eyes and say: "Skol!" before you sip. You look at each other and bow as the glass is set down. Word and gesture are repeated with each sip. One never drinks alone. Schnapps is made of potatoes, he told me, but we have no such potent potatoes in Canada. Immediately I was warmed.



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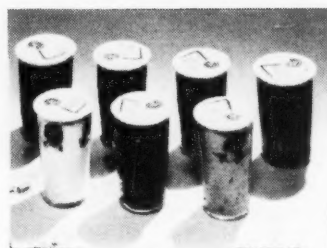
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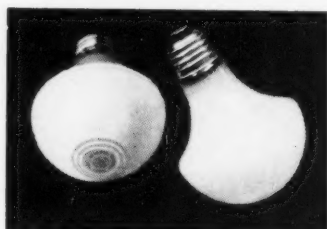
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Saves time and effort. Pour about 4 cups of water throughout the layers of freshly washed clothes in this polyethylene (plastic) sprinkle sack. If small pieces, leave for 3 or 4 hours; large ones like sheets, for a day or two—and they're ready to iron. Treated and zippered top guards against mildew. Sack 36-inches deep, \$2.



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We kept our table napkins in big cream-colored paper envelopes. The cabin boy-waiter's name was Rosequith but he did not smell like any rose. Stepping carefully, his knees apart to balance him perfectly on the heaving ship, Rosequith changed the table deftly. He had rhythm. Holding the fresh plate in his left hand, he set the used plate on his left wrist. He was able to balance any number of small platters up this extended arm, always leaving his right hand free to take up or put down. As usual we had coffee in the lounge. The captain told me about the Gorthons who own the line. They have 14 tramps each named after a member of this Swedish family. They live in Helsingborg in a palace overlooking the sea. Next day I must see the echo-sounder, a sort of radar which records the depth of water in fathoms under the ship. I went instantly to sleep that night...

A KNOCK on my door. "Plis to come to coffee." I threw on my ski suit and dashed into the Speisesalon and there was nothing there. I walked sedately up the hall, or should I say companionway? And there in the tiny lounge was my coffee, a large silver pot on a tray with three small fingers of toast, butter and marmalade. Thank heaven no sardines. Afterward I went on deck to a sunlit sea.

I hated to wear dark glasses and give up a speck of the blue. Our sea gulls were riding the waves and dashing back as though afraid to let the ship out of their sight. One of my problems was where

to sit down outside. Upon investigation I discovered a dirty canvas-covered hatch behind the lifeboat and ensconced myself on that beside a life preserver labeled CARL GORTHON. If anything happened here, surely he would save me. The blue horizon was as round as a dinner plate about us. We would sight Newfoundland tonight the captain said.

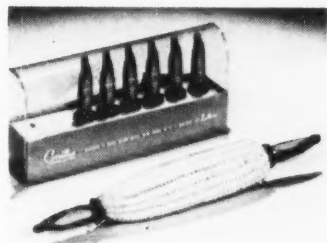
He began teaching me Swedish. *Tack so mycket* is thank you very much. A blanket is a *filt*. The reason I was cold was because we were in the Labrador current with eight degrees of frost. After dinner the captain brought a rattan chair out of the wheelhouse and the steward covered me with a *filt*, but as I couldn't see over the dark wood of the bridge, I dragged the chair aft by the lifeboat where I could put my feet on the rail and have the whole sweep of the sea. It was perfect there in the sun. A feeling of utter unreality came over me. This was the Atlantic Ocean and here I was alone, the only woman on this ship with 75 men. Only the captain's big police dog, Bjorn, did not like me. He growled every time I stepped inside the lounge. He was jealous, the captain said. "He likes to be with me alone."

I got up at 2 bells to see Newfoundland—a grey hump of coast off to the left; climbed back into the warmth and slept again. I who am a poor sleeper on land can sleep any time at sea. I woke to find things falling all over the room. It was growing rougher. After my meagre breakfast I got right outside. I sat in the lee of the lifeboat spellbound

with Chatelaine

by Wilma Tait

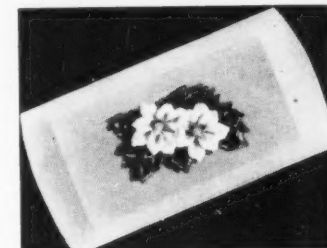
New corn on the cob. What's better eating this time of the year? Serve it without compunction to special guests. Cornettes have two sharp chrome prongs to spike the cob, prevent burned or buttery fingers. Gift packaged service for four about \$4.



Sized for the child so high—not by age. Happyalls of cotton gabardine, mercerized and sanforized, have colorful padded appliqué in Disney characters, pockets for pebbles and an elastic insert to give ease in the back. All colors. Packaged in Cellophane about \$2.60 up.



For a buffet snack. Lap-size trays, 4 to a set, are as pretty as you please, or perfectly plain—and a smart consideration when serving buffet lunches. Composition made they're painted red, chartreuse, green or grey; others, same backgrounds, have floral, bird, oriental or Dutch motifs. 4 for about \$3.75.



watching hundreds of sea gulls following us off Newfoundland. It was like sitting in a colossal cosmic rocking chair with the ship rising and falling across the horizon and the gulls dipping and weaving their beautiful patterns through the rigging of the ship.

It was like being part of a wonderful rhythmic dance. The steady chug and beat of the engine, so noticeable at the outset, was now entirely lost in the symphony of the sea.

It began to get rougher. I took another pill. I thought, I don't want to look at any fish or cheese. Now don't be silly! If Carl wants fish and cheese always sitting on the table, why should you object? I object because I want to go on sitting there myself, but if I have to look at 15 different kinds of fish—

It is not rough, the steward said. "There is no wind, just a little sea." The steward's name was Stark, a strong name I tell him. They are all extremely good-looking, these Swedes, and friendly. Stark is married and lives in Helsingborg. "It is no goot to be married and come away," he said. He brought snapshots of his "fodder," an old ship's captain holding two of Stark's four children. He has been married 15 years and with his wife altogether only 9 months. It is no good.

The time began to change that night. I felt as though I were rocking myself clean across the Atlantic. I couldn't get over this vast bare ocean. Since we left Sheet Harbor four days ago there has been nothing.

It grew much warmer, and bright,

thank heaven. The ship did not only rock today, it also rolled. It was very confusing. The sea was alive with a new variety of small gull with greyish wings and heavy white bodies. "They must come from some place," the captain said that night. "The eggs they cannot put them in the water. Maybe they fly down to us from Greenland." We were in the lounge sipping coffee, listening to Grieg on the short wave from Sweden. Bjorn lay at our feet. The ship rolled. The captain brought his navigation charts to show me how the cold Labrador current is now inside the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. "The Gulf Stream is very outspreading here," he said. We are on track F. We have been blown 50 miles off our course to the south by currents and wind. They keep checking by the sun, moon and stars, he and the mates. It doesn't matter in mid-Atlantic, but near shore it is very important. "There is a saying about a lady who follows the ship that she bring bad luck."

"You don't believe that, do you?" I asked.

"It is a saying all over the world. Last year we had three lady on board and we have collision."

"Maybe you were looking at the ladies."

"Not then I wasn't. But ladies do not belong to the sea."

"Why," I cried, "the very thing that's keeping you safe this minute is a lady."

"True," he nodded, "a ship is a she."

Next day the sky was clear with a scowly dark blue gathering away behind

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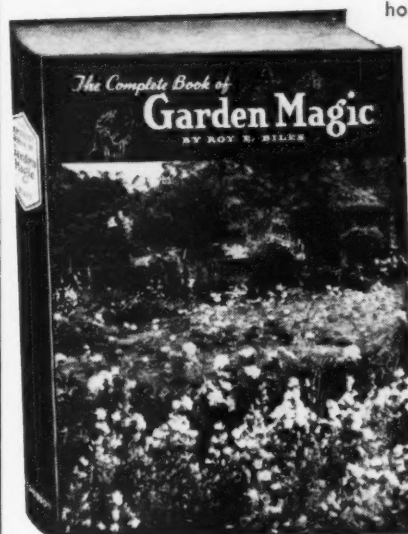
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us. It would be a good joke with a lady on board if we escaped a storm. The wake was like quicksilver all the way to the stormy horizon. There were four lifeboats labeled 31 MEN. No woman need hope to be saved. Supplies: water, corned beef and bread were already in containers. Maybe they'd throw me to the whales if a storm should come up.

All was bright and shining on the Atlantic still. Although the captain said there was always somewhere a storm at sea.

"Then you can't blame it on me," I said.

Two bells, and I went up on the ship-deck with Bjorn beside me. Now after 5 days I had a friend as well as my sea legs, and although we were still rocking along I had grown to like it. Not to rock would be very monotonous. It was a fluid world I lived in now. All other life seems rigid when you look at the sea. The color is indescribable, ever-changing, a low circle of lavender clouds rim the horizon, the sky fits down about

it so neatly you wonder what is going on outside. Down on the main deck a Swede with flaxen hair brought his faded dungarees and shirt to hang them up to dry on a line. I took a snapshot of him and one of Bjorn. My film was used up. I went into the wheelhouse. The young boy steering the ship could not speak English but he knew how to open a camera. We had a common language in the act. We smiled at one another; he returned to the steering of the ship and I went aft with Bjorn.



Modess because

At 5.45 Rosequith knocked at my door. "Madame please to come?" he chants. I brushed my hair, powdered my nose and went into the passage. "Mrs. French will come into the lounge for cocktails, please," the captain called. "The chief mate will join us."

We had martinis. And as if this was not enough, after a most elaborated dinner with a different wine for every course, the chief mate again joined us in the lounge. It seemed to be some sort of an occasion. Of what I did not know.

"We shall now have Punsch," said Captain Kristoffersen, "It is the national drink of Sweden."

"Skol!" We gazed into each other's eyes and drank the Punsch. A sort of fruit liqueur.

"We are going to send a cable to the Company," the captain interrupted suddenly, "to ask the lady to keep on the ship because the weather is so fine."

Again next day the sun was shining. They all thanked me personally every day it did not storm.

I WAS STILL in favor. The weather perfect. And martinis had taken the place of that awful Schnapps ever since the weather was established as fine. The barometer is still rising, the Captain says.

"Skol!" He looked me straight in the eye, daring me to do any dirty work now. I couldn't help feeling a little guilty not knowing how I had managed to keep the sun in the sky. "There will be no storms now," he said, passing me the Sil (onions and sardines) without which no luncheon is complete; and I felt decidedly done out of something. To think I had been with this tramp 10 whole days and he hadn't produced one single gale.

On Saturday night Rosequith brought me a bucket of hot water and an extra tea towel for my bath. When I asked if I might have a rougher towel, he said: "I hope so." So I thanked him in Swedish and began my bucket bath.

I woke at three a.m., leaned out of my porthole. There was a magnificent moon, the sky was filled with pale, faraway stars, and off to the left, one intermittent blinking light. Was this Lands End or only the Scilly Islands? Then three stars low on the horizon began slowly to move aft with the ship. They must be on ship masts, I cried. After the emptiness of our special sea all those days, to have three ships and a lighthouse all at once! I climbed back into the bunk thoroughly excited and fell at once to sleep. Woke again; dashed to the porthole. And there was England.

Now we were in the English Channel and the crew was swarming all over the sides. They were whitening the outside of the superstructure with some vile-smelling mixture. I closed my porthole and pulled down the shades; even Bjorn was barking at the horrible smell. The captain took me to see the ship's hospital. It was just a cabin like mine with a cupboard full of medicines, poisons and knives. "Everything we need for an emergency operation," he boasted.

"Except a doctor," I said.

Lief Ericson drew himself to his full imposing height. "Every afternoon," he said, "for two years I study it. For two years," he repeated as he unrolled his instruments that would prove his point.

I COULD NOT sleep that night because I missed the waves rocking me to sleep.

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I had just dropped off in the early morning when Stark knocked on my door in great excitement for me to come out and see the Viking ship being towed by a tug from Denmark to England. It looked smaller than the tug.

While waiting for Rosequith to bring my coffee I climbed to the wheelhouse and talked with the Channel pilot who had come aboard in the night. He had brought ships up the Channel all during the war. There was no time to be afraid, he said. No time for anything but to get along with your job. He pointed to the green buoys plainly marked in large white letters: WRECK. There are still a great many of them and masts slanting up out of the water. I was glad when Rosequith called me.

Just as I entered the lounge I heard the engine stop. I ran out and asked the first mate what had happened. The steering gear had broken, he said. Just when we were almost there—this had to happen. I bet Sven-Eric was ready to tear his hair! The anchors were run out with a scurry of racket and dust. Seamen rushed fore and aft. I met Captain Kristoffersen in the companionway.

"We are delayed," he cried. "We very nearly had a bad accident. A part of our steering gear broke and we are right near a wreck. We might have gone to the bottom." The blue eyes flashed, his breath came short.

Barbara Ann

Continued from page 17

the railway station and all but mobbed their favorite. At Fredericton word of a radio appearance got around and when B. A. arrived at the studio she couldn't get near it for 4,000 frantic fans. It took the local police and the RCMP (who according to Gorman kept a pretty close watch over the star throughout the trip) to get Barbara into the building.

In most centres where the show played there were civic receptions, complete with speeches by the mayor, presentations, testimonial dinners and parades. This floored the few American professionals in the show. They'd seen popular stars, but never anything like this. It almost floored Barbara Ann too . . . in a different way. Her itinerary was tough ("You can easily see it was drawn up by men and not women," said her mother) and her routines strenuous (two cracked ribs in Calgary) so that with her hectic social schedule she was a pretty tired girl before the tour ended. In fact she lost eight pounds, bringing her weight down to a wispy 100 pounds, so that she required a bit of padding here and there for some numbers.

The whole idea for this history-making success started in the fertile mind of the well-known promoter, Mr. T. P. "Tommy" Gorman of Ottawa, who knows his way around a sheet of ice, having managed seven Stanley Cup winners in his day. Gorman, an old friend of the Scott family, was pretty disgusted with Barb's professional debut in the Roxy Theatre in New York. "They never should have put her in a tank show," he fumed. So, although he'd never staged an ice revue before, Gorman decided to bring our gal back home and show her to the folks who most wanted to see her. He figured it would be a "natural" and, incidentally, a gold mine.

"But you can fix it, can't you?" I asked anxiously. "It's getting mended? You're not blaming it on me, are you?"

He turned from where he stood peering out at the wreck. "Oh, no," he said politely, "but it has never happened before and now the barometer also falls."

I listened to the wind. A gale was coming up fast. Sea now poured over the deck, rising up to portside like a huge ghost breaking itself over the hatches, against my porthole. I knew that secretly they were all blaming me for this—within three hours of harbor too. I felt it best to keep inside my cabin. I felt rather like a witch, although heaven knows why I should. It still remained to be seen whether we would make the tide. If we didn't, it would cost the Gorthon Line another thousand dollars and we would be marooned outside the harbor for another 24 hours until the water was high enough to allow this ship to enter. Cloistered inside my cabin I waited the decision of time and tide.

I WAS drinking a solitary cup of coffee when I heard the engine start and Rosequith observed, "We go again." The sudden gale was lessening.

Two ships, The Wasp and The Defence, came steaming out to meet us as we slowed up in the Thames estuary and officialdom came up the ladder.

Putting the idea across with the people who manage Miss Scott wasn't so easy. The Toronto lawyers of the St. Lawrence Foundation, the tax-free corporation that handles B. A.'s money, were somewhat less than enthusiastic. Her agents, the colossal Music Corporation of America, labeled it "the most fantastic thing we've ever heard of in show business," and insisted on a \$50,000 guarantee.

So Gorman borrowed the fifty thousand from the bank and signed Miss Scott to a contract giving her an option of 30% of the net take. It took her almost a month to earn the fifty grand.

Next Gorman proceeded to make some of his characteristically shrewd moves. Like hiring Osborne Colson as director and producer. Colson, an ex-Toronto boy, one-time Canadian singles champion, ex-star of Ice Follies and presently instructor at the swank Washington Skating Club, had never directed a show of this size; but he had more or less supervised Barbara's professional career.

The World's Best Skater

Colson dreamed up numbers best calculated to show off Barbara's particular talents. In her opening number she was the cool, precise Olympic champion—complete with crown. She was cute in the Teddy Bears' Picnic, breath-taking in On Wings of Song, flirtatious in Showboat, exquisite in Indian Legend. And in the Perfume Symphony she was red hot.

The role of the torrid Tabu was somewhat of a departure for the dainty Miss Scott, but she tackled the job of being alluring and seductive with characteristic determination and thoroughness. As Colson commented, "She had no natural talent for wiggling," but she spent hours skating around the rink behind Manuel del Toro practicing samba wiggles in the best Latin-American style. The result, in a costume which Gorman described as "some black ostrich feathers

Now, will they let me land, I wonder? I wait all packed up ready to take the train to London. "But we are only at Sheariness," Stark informs me. Here we take another pilot on to steer us up the Medway. Here with the help of two tugs, the high tide (which we did catch, thank heaven) we did a hairpin turn in the ship's own length. The dangerous turn that had been worrying the captain. Only one hour a day is it possible, he told me.

Already the wind has gone and the seamen are taking the covering off the hatches, piling up the planks like leaves from your dining room table, and there is the cargo—the pulpwood from our Canadian forests. We are branching off the Medway into the Swale. Up the Swale, in through a channel with no more than a foot and a half to spare we slid expertly, safely in to Ridham Dock.

I was in England, exactly where I had wanted to land, but the Carl Gorthon had been my whole world for 13 days. It seemed unnatural to just walk off like this.

I was in the taxicab when I caught sight of the captain. "You aren't leaving?" He dashed up with Bjorn. "We've just heard from Sweden," he panted. "From here we go to Marseilles, and from there to South America. We had just had word. I thought you might like to come along?"

and a G-string," was terrific. Most everybody — except the Winnipeg preacher—liked it.

Colson asserts that Barbara has a wonderfully retentive memory, learns fast and will tackle anything. Add to that the fact that she's still the world's best skater and you have something.

A few seasoned professionals were added to the show, the comedy team of Melendez - Brandstetter and Barbara's two male partners, Manuel del Toro, a Spaniard from Brooklyn, and Jerry Rehfield. To look after the music Colson engaged singing master of ceremonies Rudy Hanson, conductors Jack Jardine and Lloyd Cooper, arranger Gerry Duval and pianist Walter Thompson . . . all Canadians.

The rest of the "all-star company" was made up of kids from skating clubs all over the country—young (average age, 19), energetic ("not a statue in the lot") and chock-full of beans.

They were contacted through ads and notices in newspapers and through the skating fraternity grapevine. Like 17-year-old Nancee Wilton, senior champion of the Saskatoon Skating Club, who read about the show while vacationing at Lake Waskesiu in northern Saskatchewan, dashed home, phoned Colson and in a couple of days was on her way to Ottawa for an audition. Nancee described the tour as "a marvelous experience and one I shall never forget." She remembers things like having coffee after the show in Vancouver with another professional entertainer—Gorgeous George—being fined \$5 in Calgary for missing a cue, eating cornflakes and bananas for three days in Quebec because those were the only French words she knew . . . and having 15 stitches in her leg after an accident in St. Andrews.

Or 19-year-old Mary ("who me?") McKenzie, a cute chubby-faced brunette who started skating at the age of six at the Toronto Skating Club on the same day as did the present Canadian

"But aren't you afraid of a storm?" I asked.

"We were lucky the first time," he said, "we might be lucky again."

For a moment I was tempted. Marseilles! Buenos Aires! Rio de Janeiro—all the places he had been telling me about that were so beautiful.

But no. I shook my head regretfully as I bade him farewell. This part of my life was over. I had had my date with a tramp and now I must go on.

I am glad I had this experience but if anyone else is thinking of this sort of an adventure, here are a few tips I want to pass along.

If you have plenty of time and very little money this is undoubtedly the cheapest way to go by sea. But you don't have to pay any hundred dollars. I know of a student who went from Nova Scotia to Cardiff, Wales, for \$34.

About what to wear on a trampship. I found my ski suit, warm sweater and parka right for the entire voyage. The one great difficulty is in the beginning. You can't just book a passage as you can on a freighter. You have to call on the captains personally and sell them the idea.

And safe? A woman alone with 75 men, every one of them contributing to her safety. I was as safe as a piece of Dresden china unfortunately. And if you don't believe me, try it and see. ♦

champion, Suzanne Morrow. ("Suzie practiced hard while I played tag.") Mary, who knew Colson through his summer training school at Simcoe, received a telegram from him on Sept. 16 and was in Ottawa for rehearsals the following Friday.

Or Shirley Luffman of Verdun, Quebec, who was possibly the most advanced skater of the girls in the "line," having reached her eighth and final group of figures as laid down by the Association of Canadian Figure Skaters. Her mother estimated that it had cost \$10,000 (for lessons, fees, costumes and board while taking summer lessons) not to mention countless hours of hard work to bring her daughter to this stage of her career. Most of the other girls in the line were in their third or fourth groups.

Mrs. Scott—the Real Heroine

Getting a group of skaters together, Gorman says, is something like lining up a hockey team. "Word gets around and you've got them knocking on your door." Through Albert Enders, the Vancouver pro, he contacted the De Witt twins of Regina, three times Western Canadian Ladies Pair champions.

Some of these youngsters had never before slept in a Pullman car. Some cried for their mothers for the first few nights. The standing joke of the trip was the sweet young thing at Niagara who, when asked by the immigration man if she'd crossed to the American side on the manifest, replied, "Oh no, we came over in a bus."

Acting as nursemaid, adviser and mother to these kids as well as to her own daughter was Mary Scott, the star's mother. According to Gorman she was the "real heroine of the trip." He admits that he and his old friend sometimes had differences of opinion, but scoffs at the idea that "Mary Queen of Scotts" is anything but a

Continued on page 54



INGREDIENTS

½ cup Swift'ning
 ¾ cup fine granulated sugar
 2 tbsps. honey
 2 eggs
 1 tbsps. grated orange rind

2 cups sifted cake flour
 1¼ tps. baking powder
 ½ tsp. salt
 ½ cup milk

Cream Swift'ning slightly; gradually blend in sugar, then honey. Beat eggs until light and add, with orange rind, combining well. Measure sifted flour and sift three times with baking powder and salt. Add to Swift'ning mixture alternately with milk, combining until smooth after each addition. Turn into 2 greased and floured 7-inch round layer pans, and bake in moderately hot oven, 375°F. for 25 minutes or until done.

(Note: if pastry flour is used, increase liquid to ¾ cup.) Suggested frosting: Snowy Cream Frosting.

SAYS *Martha Logan*

It's quicker and easier to bake cakes like this every time with Swift'ning! You'll want to use Swift'ning for all your baking, to get fluffier cakes and flakier pastries! No difference in the way you use it, but what a difference in your results! Get Swift'ning right away!

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These two bulletins have been prepared by Dr. Elizabeth Chant Robertson, editor of Chatelaine's Child Health Clinic.

Order from:

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Baby's First Year

Service Bulletin No. 602, 5 cents.

"Baby's First Year" is the second important bulletin on care and feeding of infants. It deals with the problems of regular routine and teaching baby to eat solid foods.

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He Has a Lot to Learn

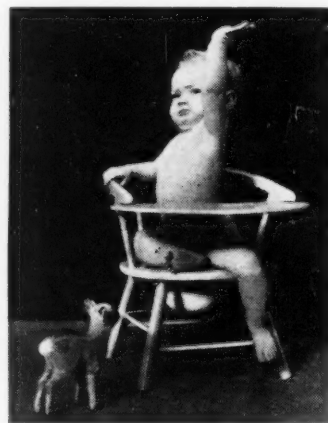
WHEN YOU THINK of all the things your new baby has to learn it's not surprising that you feel a little dismayed at the prospect before you. Actually it isn't as hard as it seems, because your baby does a great deal of the training himself as he grows older, and he learns much just by imitating you and the older members of his family. Sometimes a mother tries to hurry along her baby's training schedule too fast, and this makes it harder for both of them. You have to wait until your baby is mature enough to learn what you wish to teach him, and it is always best to make changes by degrees.



he can begin to hold a spoon and help to feed himself at this age. A spoon with a straight handle that he can hold easily and a shallow bowl from which he can suck the food readily makes this job easier for him. A heavy dish with a broad bottom and well-raised sides won't slip around too much, and a semi-solid food like thick cereal or mashed potatoes is easiest for him to manage. Little or no attention should be paid to his table manners until he has mastered the technique of using a spoon. Therefore it is best for him to eat by himself at a small table of his own. When a toddler eats at the family table he is usually given either too much help or too much criticism.

Gradual Weaning

A breast-fed baby will take a feeding from a bottle readily when he is less than two months old. Later on, he may refuse it entirely if he has not had a bottle for some time previously. As a result when it comes time to wean him, at 7 or 8 months of age, you have to do it suddenly. In fact you may even have to starve him for a few hours before he is willing to take the bottle. While he is refusing to take the bottle, he should be given sweetened water by spoon or cup, and you should keep in touch with your physician. Many psychologists believe that sudden weaning is bad for a baby. Therefore to avoid trouble it would be wise to give him one bottle a week, regularly, from the age of two months or so on.



Toilet Training

Some years ago mothers were advised to begin training their babies in bowel control when they were only a few months old, but as a matter of fact a child less than about 9 months of age is not mature enough to co-operate effectively in such training. Some psychologists believe that these early bowel training programs do babies harm.

A small toilet chair, in which he can plant his feet firmly on the floor, is much better than a small seat on the toilet where he is held some distance above the floor. He should always have a firm support for his feet.

Do not leave him on his chair more than 10 minutes, and take him off before that time if he becomes restless. Some authorities believe that four minutes is a long enough time for him to stay on his chair. You do not want him to object to sitting on it. He will learn what is required of him better if there are no distractions in the room. Therefore the situation should not be complicated by the presence of pets, toys or other



Spoon Feeding

You know that a one-year-old child loves to put things in his mouth. He also likes to grasp objects. Consequently

CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON M.D., Director



The BIG THREE for your Small One

Your doctor can tell you how important it is for Baby to get a liberal amount of iron daily—for good red blood, of course. That's why many infants go on twice-a-day cereal feedings even as early as the second week. To keep Baby from getting bored with his helpings of iron, calcium and important B vitamins, Gerber's make three cereals containing them all. Yet, each one has a slightly different, oh-so-pleasant taste.

3-way variety is a big help. So start a rotating schedule of Gerber's Cereal Food, Oatmeal Mixture and Barley Cereal as soon as your doctor approves. Then watch Baby reach for more—even when he's a four-year old "He Man." Now, all three Gerber's Cereals with the Perfected-Texture that babies like are readily available in Canadian food stores everywhere. Coming soon: Gerber's True-Flavor Strained Foods, too.

"Bringing up Baby is fascinating but tiring. So, why not take sensible, safe short cuts?



For instance, serve the pre-cooked cereals that more babies like—Gerber's Cereal Food, Oatmeal Mixture, Barley Cereal. Warm up Baby's bottle. Then mix Gerber's Cereal with a little of the warm milk or formula. It's *that* easy," says Mrs. Dan Gerber, mother of five.

Babies are our business...our only business!

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Niagara Falls, Canada



Can YOU keep up with baby?

1. How soon should baby react to noise?

Within a few days after birth, your baby will jump at loud noises, like a dropped tray. Other senses are developing, too: if baby's skin is uncomfortable from chafing or "urine irritation," he'll let you know with wails. After every bath, and at diaper changes, smooth on pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil, to help keep skin protected.



2. When will your baby recognize you?

At about three months, baby will smile and wave his arms in welcome at your approach. He'll particularly like to see you coming with that can of silky-soft Johnson's Baby Powder! Feels so good on his delicate skin — helps keep prickly irritations away.



3. At what age should baby double his birth weight?

Normally, by five months — but like all phases of development, this varies from baby to baby. If yours seems slow, let your doctor reassure you. Speak to him, too, if skin-care problems arise. They'll be few and far between if you just help keep baby smooth-skinned with Johnson's Baby Products! Made specially to agree with baby skin — recommended by more doctors than all other brands put together!



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A Refined Healthful Habit

There is no substitute for mouth cleanliness

persons besides yourself. When he does use his chair successfully let him see that you are pleased, in rather a casual way, but don't scold or punish him when he passes it in an inappropriate place.

If your child becomes constipated, passing a movement may cause him some pain, and he may object to sitting on his chair the next day. This is most likely to occur in his second year. To help this, give him prune pulp or juice. Two teaspoonfuls with supper usually have the desired effect, although twice as much may be used if necessary. Extra orange juice is often helpful also.

Physicians are not so concerned about the regularity of the bowel movements as they used to be. Missing a day or so causes no harm whatever, and the old-fashioned theories about intestinal intoxication are no longer believed. Most physicians do not recommend the use of suppositories or soap sticks for training purposes. Enemas often frighten an older baby and are better not used unless your physician recommends that one be given.

Not infrequently a small child breaks training when you think your troubles about bowel control are all past long ago. Usually this is the result of some digestive upset, a trip away from home or a situation that has disturbed the child emotionally. The arrival of a baby brother or sister is a common cause. Presumably it is an unconscious effort by the child to gain more attention from his busy mother. These backslidings soon clear up if you go back to your original routine and if you also see that the child receives a reasonable share of your time.

Barbara Ann

Continued from page 51

tremendous asset to her daughter's professional career . . . in every way. This opinion, by the way, is shared by every member of the cast with whom this writer talked.

The kids had the time of their lives — traveled 12,500 miles, skated in 60 different rinks and saw Canada under the best possible conditions. They learned something of the generosity of their fellow citizens, too. Taxi drivers in Rimouski refused to accept any fare. In Kamloops, Vernon and Kelowna they got apples, thousands of them, big and red and juicy. "We ate so many apples," said Mary McKenzie, "that we never wanted to see them again."

They were entertained like celebrities everywhere they went. Often local skating enthusiasts or relatives of cast members threw parties after the show. Each birthday meant another shindig. In Sudbury the hotel manager donated the hotel lounge while Nancee Wilton and Jimmy Crimmins celebrated jointly with a three-tier cake sent by a fan in Kelowna.

Opening Night Headaches

But it wasn't all fun. As soon as they started rehearsals in Ottawa the kids learned the difference between home town carnivals and a professional show. This was for money—over \$100,000 already invested. They skated hard from nine to four each day, put in an hour of ballet on the floor and spent the evenings fitting costumes. In five short weeks they hit the road.

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Then, in Winnipeg where the show opened (to cash in on the benefits of a bountiful western harvest), they learned something of opening-night headaches. Some of the costumes didn't arrive and they had to go on in borrowed ones. On top of that it poured rain and the roof of the old Winnipeg Amphitheatre leaked like a sieve. "I was right under a drip during the perfume number," says Mary McKenzie, "and my powderpuff costume was a mess."

There was more rink trouble to come. They soon learned that it takes all kinds to make a country. Some were large and cold while others were small and cold. Sometimes there were so many chairs on the ice there was scarcely room to skate. In Wallaceburg there were no facilities for darkening windows so that the show's lights were useless. In Kingston the rink suddenly went pitch black due to a failure somewhere, and only the quick thinking of Rudy Hanson, who got the kids singing community songs while they skated, averted a calamitous panic.

Traveling was the biggest headache of all. Sixty stops in 29 weeks means some pretty fast hops . . . some of them by bus. On the 140-mile jaunt from Sherbrooke to Valleyfield, Que., a bus got stuck in the snow and some of the cast had to travel the last 10 miles in an open sleigh. But the 200-mile bus trip from Clinton, N.Y. (the show booked in two U. S. cities . . . Clinton and Troy, N.Y.), to Welland, Ont., through a raging blizzard was even worse. It took them 10 hours so that they arrived in Welland—wary and half-frozen—at nine p.m. with no supper and no scenery, for a show that opened at 9.45. But by this time the kids were seasoned troupers and no one in the crowd guessed that anything was amiss.

The trip across Northumberland Strait to Prince Edward Island was something. The kids, anxious for their first ocean voyage, descended with squeals of glee upon the ferry—looking for staterooms. There weren't any.

Heartbreak

Continued from page 43

which gets sadder and more decrepit every day. It's necessary, human nature being what it is. It's also like asking people to keep the corpse of someone they've known and loved for a long time to decompose in their front yard.

I talked to a spokesman for the Fund, who said that every possible effort was being made, as I have no doubt it is. The task before them is monumental. At this writing the first cheque has been paid to a family in Morris, Man., where the whole town was almost completely wiped out. Also at this writing the Fund is just short of half of its objective, so its administrators have no way of knowing themselves how large a percentage of loss they will be able to replace. And, of course, the first payments must go to the really needy: the pitiful pensioners; the widows who were able to eke out a living because their homes were paid for; old couples who never in their lives asked anybody for anything, and now must turn to strangers for everything. Everywhere they turn, the Fund's representatives are confronted with heartbreak.

The really fortunate people are those

Then, halfway across the ferry became stuck in the ice and there was nothing to do for six hours but sit and shiver and play poker. But a bus driver they'd picked up on the mainland turned out to be a card shark and cleaned out the company.

The kids found Barbara Ann "wonderful to work with." She is amiable to the extreme, "peace at any cost" is her motto. Unlike some stars she did not keep aloof from the others but often joined in after-show hen parties.

Barbara Ann's two French Poodles—Sambo and Scoop—made the trip with the star. Both were frequently train sick and were not always welcome at hotels. On top of that the two American boys, Del Toro and Rehfield, picked up a scruffy stray mutt in Saskatoon and took him as far as Simcoe, Ont., where he was left at the home of pianist Walter Thompson, and where he repaid his benefactor by eating a pet talking budgie.

But these were minor aggravations. On the whole the company was an extremely happy one. The tour was a complete success. The young kids just turned professional were satisfied . . . they had something to remember for a lifetime. The star was satisfied; she may play before many more people but certainly she will never play before more receptive and enthusiastic audiences. Gorman was satisfied . . . he made money, and proved his point. And most important of all, the people who saw the show were satisfied . . . they'd seen their Cinderella girl and she was everything they'd hoped she'd be.

For that matter the success of Skating Sensations should give a certain amount of satisfaction to every Canadian. For it proved something pretty important: that our best entertainers don't necessarily have to go to the U. S. to make a professional success . . . that a show can pack 'em in without name stars from south of the border . . . and that perhaps the good old days of traveling Canadian shows may be on their way back.

who had the foresight to take out floater policies on their furniture. Ordinary household insurance does not cover flood damage. The appraisers from the insurance companies were prompt. The one who looked at Fairbrothers' furniture declared it a total loss. "Pile it up and put a match to it," he told them.

Even better off than floater policy holders are the families of the lucky employees of a large insurance firm which is paying all their losses. This beautiful example has been followed by several other large firms, but they cover pitifully few.

The Fairbrothers, and several other families with two-story homes, have moved into their second story and settled there to wait until their homes are whole again.

In the boat, on our way back from our first trip to Fairbrothers', Helen said, "One of the first things I'm going to do is fill the window boxes and get them up. It'll be good for my morale. I'll bet a lot of other people will, too."

She knows her neighbors.

Wildwood will be all right. People who wash a flag and hang it out over a yard still filled with water, and fasten window boxes filled with bloom to the shells of their houses can survive anything.



Everybody's doing it—borrowing from the baby! Folks of all ages have discovered that many of baby's favourite dishes are also thrifty, handy, and delicious—as adult fare!

The bachelor girl who lives alone . . . the newly-wed who cooks for two . . . the busy mother who can't be bothered getting herself a separate dessert—they've found that the 5 oz. tins of Heinz Strained and Junior Foods are just their size. No waste—no leftovers! Just lots of nourishment and flavour in easy-to-fix form.

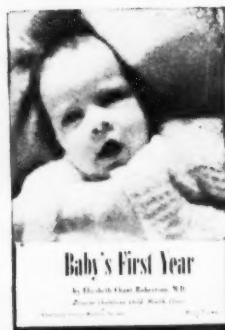
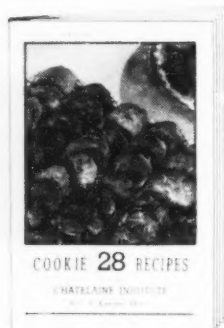
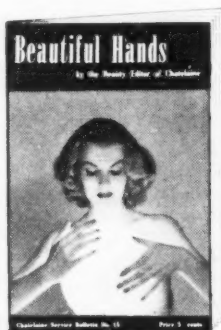
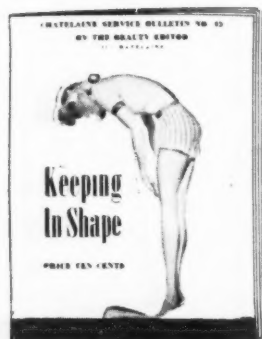
Convalescents, soft-diet patients, older folk, and people with troublesome teeth or no teeth at all to trouble them, are also enjoying the smooth, uniform texture of Heinz Baby Foods—so easy to swallow, so easy to digest.

For everyone there are varieties such as Applesauce to serve with pork, fruits for use in milk shakes and egg-nogs, soups for those who want something mildly seasoned to their very own taste. There are eleven fruit and pudding varieties in the line-up of Heinz Strained Foods—four in Heinz Junior Foods. To make them Heinz selects only choice, fresh plump fruits and all are carefully cooked and packed. They're appealingly taste-tempting just as they come from the tin and they can also be used as the base for many delightfully different family desserts.

FREE!—Send for the free Heinz bulletins "Tasty Desserts for Family Use," and "Special Recipes." You'll like the recipes they contain—all made with Heinz Strained and Junior Foods. Write H. J. Heinz Company of Canada Ltd., Dept. S.P.G., 420 Dupont St., Toronto, and don't forget your name and address.



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How Good are T

by Mildred Spicer,
Fashion Editor

It's a shocking fact that nearly half the children on this continent suffer from some type of foot disorder by the time they are ready for school . . . at the age of five!



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Sketches by Barbaryan
All shoes featured courtesy the T. Eaton Co.

PERHAPS THE first mistake too many parents make is in not noticing when their children are ready for a new pair of shoes. In the early years a child's feet may grow as much as a size a month. From the age of six to 10 his feet may stretch out a size every three to four months. And those feet are still growing, believe it or not, until he reaches the age of 20 . . . proof positive that foot conditions, good or bad, are determined in the formative years.

Weak feet are usually the direct product of ill-fitting shoes, and can cause all sorts of aches and pains other than sore feet. As the feet weaken they will change shape and the vital bones will slip forward. The ankle bone may turn in, putting unnecessary weight on the arch at an angle.

Do's and Don'ts

Sometimes, and all too frequently, poor posture and an awkward gait are direct results. These are signals for you to have your child's feet examined by a competent shoe man. Don't wait until you notice signs such as these—or fatigue or any of the other symptoms. Take a look at the shoes junior is wearing now. Are they unshapely, showing signs of wear on the outer sole? Observe him when he walks. Does he toe in? These are early stages of foot trouble. Whisk him off to the nearest shoe man. But first consider carefully the do's and don'ts of buying and fitting children's footwear:

Do take him with you when you buy. You can't measure feet over the telephone. They should be fitted correctly at regular intervals.

Don't allow him to play with the X-ray machine. X-ray is an aid to corrective fitting and should be handled only by the salesclerk. It can be harmful if the child's feet are overexposed to it.

Do cut out a pattern of his feet before you go to the store. Stand him on a piece of paper; outline his foot and take this cut-out guide with you to measure against the sole of the new shoe. If it is a half inch longer and a quarter of an inch wider the shoe should be large enough for him when he stands in it.

Don't buy shoes a size larger with the idea of allowing him to "grow into them." This can be as harmful to a growing foot as a shoe which is too small.

Their Feet?



Little Goody Toy Shoes—Pink or blue corduroy shoes for baby, made with a plastic rattle attached to the toes, and designed to keep him happy while his tiny feet are kept warm.

Do buy a soft flexible shoe for infants and small children. Look for puffy, full toes and make sure that the heel fits snugly to avoid rotation.

Don't allow a younger child to wear "hand-me-downs." Each shoe is constructed with an inner sole of cork which adapts itself to the shape of the foot wearing it. Since no two pairs of feet are exactly the same you cannot expect a younger child to get comfort and support from another child's outgrown shoe, no matter how good the condition of it is.

Do try the finger test on tiny tots' footwear. If you are able to pick up a slight wrinkle of leather between the thumb and forefinger there should be sufficient room for wriggling little toes.

Don't allow patent leather slippers to be worn for everyday wear. They are made for birthday parties and Sunday best and are not meant to give the same support as a laced shoe or boot. You wouldn't wear a high-heel dress shoe for long hours of standing or walking, nor should a child wear dress slippers for hard wear.

Do have the child walk around on tip-toes for a final check before purchase is made.

Don't rush the child or the salesman. Take your time when you buy footwear. Shoes bought in a hurry may cause further expense for you as well as serious discomfort to the child.

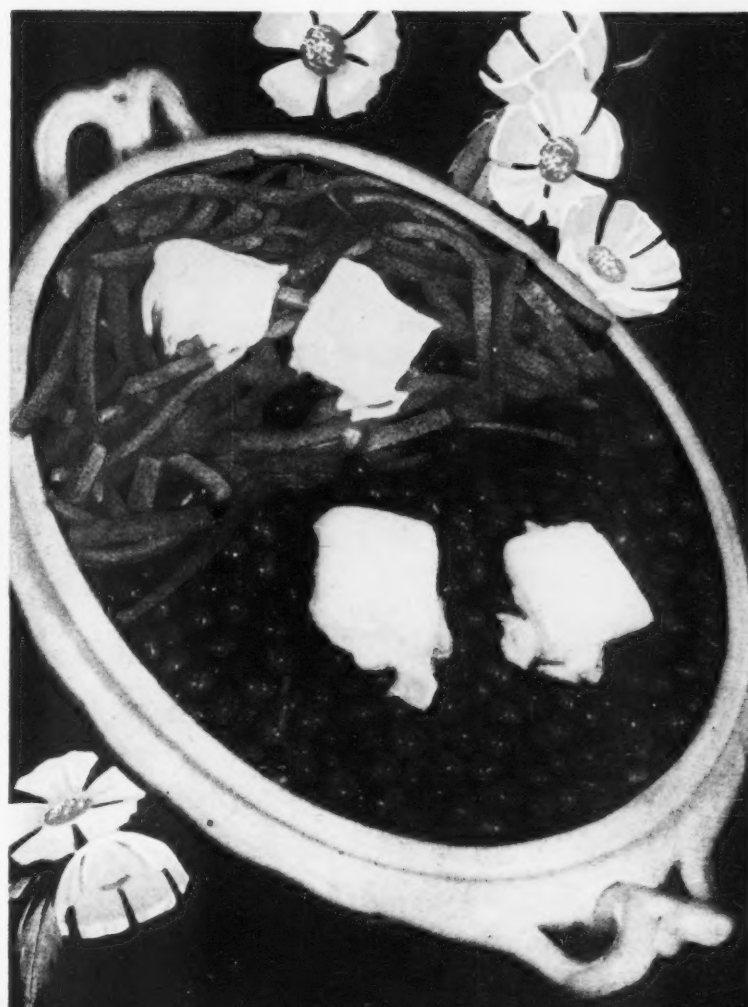
Children should be taught regular care of the feet just as they are taught regular dental habits. Teach them to

wash feet carefully, scrubbing the nails gently with a soft brush. Always cut the nails straight across. A common complaint among children is excess perspiration. To remedy this make sure that their feet are washed often and dusted with a good foot powder. Put them in woolen socks to absorb excess moisture.

Twenty Years A-growing

Each child should have two pairs of shoes so that one pair may dry out thoroughly while the other pair is being worn. The feet perspire naturally and although the fabric lining in each shoe absorbs this to a certain extent the shoe should be completely dried out before the next wearing for the sake of comfort as well as to give the shoe longer life. Keep shoes on a rack, in a bag or on a shelf when not in use. Repair them as soon as they show signs of wear to keep both shoes and feet in shape. After polishing try a light film of floor wax over them. This will help to keep them looking bright and new.

Good feet are essential to good health. It takes 20 years to grow a pair. Proof enough that we can't afford to be careless with our treatment of them. With 80% of women suffering from foot disorders you can be sure that care has not been taken in fitting while their feet were going through the growing stages. It's up to you to see that your children are fitted correctly. As your small fry grows you may groan at the expense of another pair of shoes. But remember, the cost is also an investment . . . in sturdy feet and good health for the future.



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